BUILD *the* BROKEN WALLS

The walls of our cities
the walls of our homes
the walls of
our industry
our prosperity
our security
the walls
of our hopes—
let us build
with energy
with enthusiasm
with confidence—
but never
forgetting
that peace
has but begun.
In the Far East
our boys
still fight.

They need munitions
Ships, Food—*AND*
our continuing
support.
Let us give these . . .
And while
they destroy
the last enemy,
we at home
build again
the broken walls,
restore industry
create the jobs
tear down
the black-out
turn up
the lights
Work and SAVE—
to prepare
the Home of Freedom
for their
home coming.

KEEP ON SAVING
we've great things to do

Issued by the National Savings Committee

World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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THINKING ALOUD

EDWARD HULTON

SUCCESSFUL SMOKE SCREEN

ACCORDING to the daily press, the General Election has been all about 'Who started it?'—'Oodunit?'—letters bandied about between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Bevin—then something about Professor Laski. He was not going to let Mr. Attlee go to the Big Three Conference without kowtowing to him as Chairman of the Labour Executive. All this was utter weariness to the ordinary voter. It certainly was to me! Frankly, I never read what Mr. C. had written to Mr. B.; or what Cabinet, or other secrets, Mr. B. or Mr. C. had revealed—to say nothing about Mr. Morrison and the V.1 alarm—or no alarm. Neither had I time for the letters between Professor Laski and Mr. Attlee.

The Labour Party realised well enough that a red herring, to use the time-worn phrase, had been produced by the *Express* Press, including all the stuff about a Labour Gestapo, but they never got away from the red herring. They rightly said that all this was a smoke screen; but they never moved out of range of the smoke screen. The progressive press spent most of their time and paper answering the questions and suggestions which the *Express* Press had raised. They never got down to stating their own programme of social reforms for the New Britain. Quite rightly, they expostulated that the Beaverbrook fuss was a nonsensical fuss entirely off the point. They did not, however, realise that this fuss had achieved exactly what it was designed to achieve, that is a screen to mask lack of policy.

I write before the results are announced. Also, the Beaverbrook technique may well have estranged a number of more honest Conservative voters. We shall never know exactly. However, I do believe that it did achieve its smokescreen object. The progressives fell plump into the plot. The Beaverbrookites had no case at all, and so this smokescreen constituted their strongest weapon. On the other hand, the progressive parties possessed an excellent case; if only the negative case of the Conservative racket of no genuine desire for social reforms, and their disgraceful housing set-up. Willink told us that houses had nothing to do with land! Nevertheless the *Express* hallabaloo got the Labour people rattled and indignant, a most dangerous state, and prevented them from presenting their case to the people.

WHAT THE ELECTION WAS REALLY ABOUT

THIS is what the general election was really about, though you would not guess it by reading the dailies.

And many of the following things could be accomplished during the lifetime of this coming Parliament:

(1) **More Production per Worker** (more mechanisation, better training, and better organisation and management; and less restriction from employers' associations and workers' Trade Unions).

(2) **Full Employment.**

(3) **Social Security.**

Nationalisation *versus* Private Enterprise is almost entirely irrelevant. (This was a further big point during the election. Yet perhaps it did not seem quite silly enough, so we had to have the Churchill-Bevin, Attlee-Laski farce.) Most truly educated people, and most of the leaders on both sides, know that

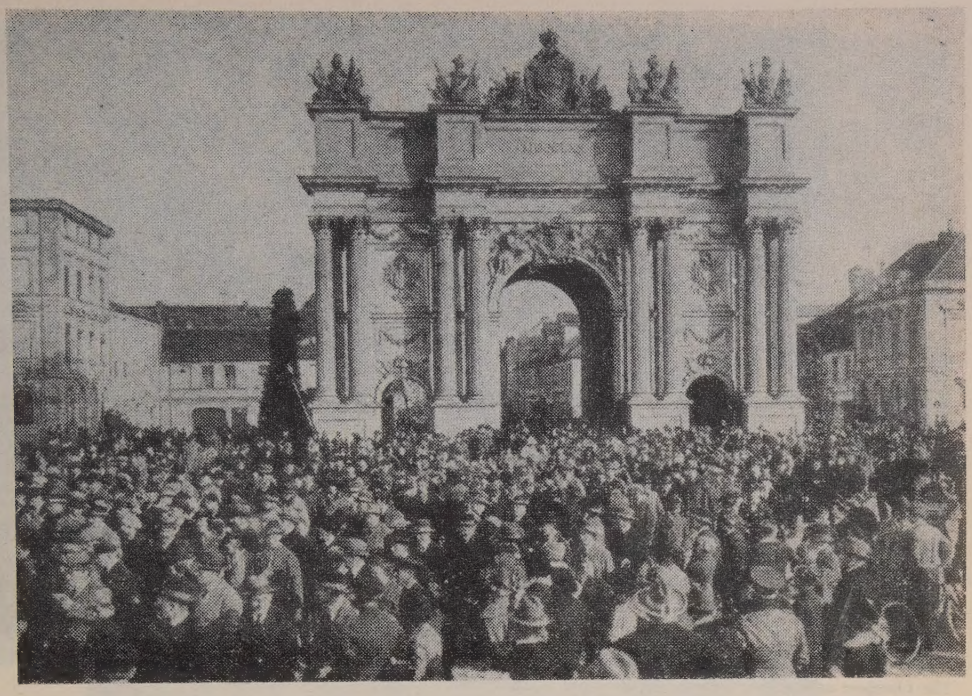
The Brandenburg Gate, Berlin, marking the boundary of the British and the Russian zones

we want a bit of each. On the other hand, I would submit that the state must possess an over-all plan of economic grand strategy (who else can have it?), while bureaucracy would be a very poor substitute for business acumen, besides leading to a real loss of political and individual freedom. Churchill had something here, though he grossly over-stated it.

Under Point (1) there is enormous room for more technical training. The ordinary business man knows almost nothing, and cares less, about foreign countries, where his markets and his livelihood happen to lie. And, incidentally, I have discovered a new 'class', consisting of typists who can only copy from another document. They do not possess the rudiments of an idea of spelling. So much for our Ministry of Education.

Again, the incidence of **Taxation,** which is quite unscientific, needs rapid review. There should be much less taxation of profits genuinely 'ploughed back' into industry, for the creation of more *real* capital.

While I do not personally believe that state ownership possesses any real advantages, certainly none of an economic order, concessions ought to be made to popular and political feeling. The coal industry needs, chiefly, financial and technical amalgamation into a small number of concerns, with more mechanisation, in which the workers share the benefits, plus better conditions for the workers in general. The mine workers, however, will not be contented until they have secured Nationalisation. There is psychology at work here. Therefore they had better have it. There has been nothing but increasing disaster under the present system, and no more tinkering about will satisfy anybody. Let us



The Brandenburg Gate, Potsdam. At Potsdam, Russian luxury and secret diplomacy prevail

therefore Nationalise a few basic industries after giving reasonable compensation, and see what happens. The same probably applies to the railways, which seem already to possess most of the disadvantages for the 'consuming' public of a nationalised industry. Though I do not know how it is proposed to deal with road haulage services. These are at present an extreme example of the activities of 'the little man'.

This country must establish more *real capital*. (That is productive plant.) It has been said that we could double productivity, and thus the standard of living, in a generation.

Full Employment can be achieved by controlling investment into real capital, i.e. plant. Public works are useful. Yet, despite the Government's White Paper on this subject, as opposed to Beveridge's, they do not constitute the policy. They are purely ancillary.

The Government's Housing Record is a Scandal, and its intentions, or rather complete lack of intentions, are worse. They talk of housing accomplished before this war; but masses of houses were built at rents which workers could not afford to pay. There has got to be access to land, despite land owners, by no means all of whom are now in any sense aristocratic. And the rate at which money can be borrowed is also vital. A matter of 2% instead of 4% interest means 6s. a week reduction in rent.

As for Agriculture, the farmers, and the rest of the country, suffer because no Government has the courage to say how large they think that British agriculture should be. Having decided on the size of the industry (perhaps one million workers), it would be comparatively easy to discover means of keeping it going, by guaranteed prices. Incidentally, there should be storage of agricultural

The Orangery at Potsdam, built for Frederick the Great

products, to cover several years, in case of war, until the United States feel disposed to come to our help again. Also oil, etc.

It is also probably right that there should be no interference with the cheapness of imported foods. The guaranteed prices could easily be maintained from general taxation.

Shipping will have to be kept up this time. And let us have less sentimental praise of the Merchant Navy, and better conditions for Merchant sailors.

The Birth-rate might stay up, if landlords were not permitted to regard parents as semi-indecent social pariahs. Family allowances should certainly be adequate, and based, like other Beveridge allowances, on the cost of *subsistence*.

Local Government would have to be greatly changed; if only because it is charged with an enormous part of the social services, with which it is quite unable to deal. Rating will have to be entirely revolutionised.

The main thing to be done about **British Foreign Policy** is to make the watch tower the official device and symbol of the F.O. British foreign policy has at all times proceeded on the opposite principle. Hence pain, death and many near-defeats. Again, it is useless to talk as if the principle of the 'Balance of Power' did not still hold good. There has also got to be the recognition of a *new* principle in diplomacy: that of a *permanent* diplomatic and military alliance in Western Europe. Probably also ideological and economic. There should be much more imagination at play, i.e. giving France the joint-permanent presidency of Western Europe.

Defence—thorough re-hash of plans. Find out if conscription would really pay the United Kingdom? Anyhow, explain the position to France, etc. A mechanised, expert force, backed by adequate war industries, more, rather than less, ready. 'Intellectuals' must be invited into the

War Memorial of the last war at Potsdam

general staff, officer class, etc., possibly temporarily in some cases. The old Territorial officers were comparatively useless. A new system of shadow factories; so that the period of industrial mobilisation is greatly reduced.

In the matter of **International Economics,** we should trade with those who hold similar views to ourselves in regard to state-aided full employment policies, that, again, is the countries of Western Europe. We cannot permit the United States to 'export' its unemployment to us.

The new Arab Union should be welcomed as an Ally of the new Western Association. The populations of Crown Colonies should be assisted to become more advanced members of our own World Group—that is the Western Association. There should be set up a great African Association for a joint British-French-Belgian-Portuguese development of the African Continent.

THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION

I CANNOT do better than repeat some of the remarks made by Captain Liddell Hart, the military writer, at a Liberal Meeting at Kendal, at which Sir Archibald Sinclair was present.

'We went to war six years ago, to maintain the independence of Poland! It should now be clear that Poland will

Election Irrelevancy No. 1.—Correspondence between CHURCHILL *and* BEVAN

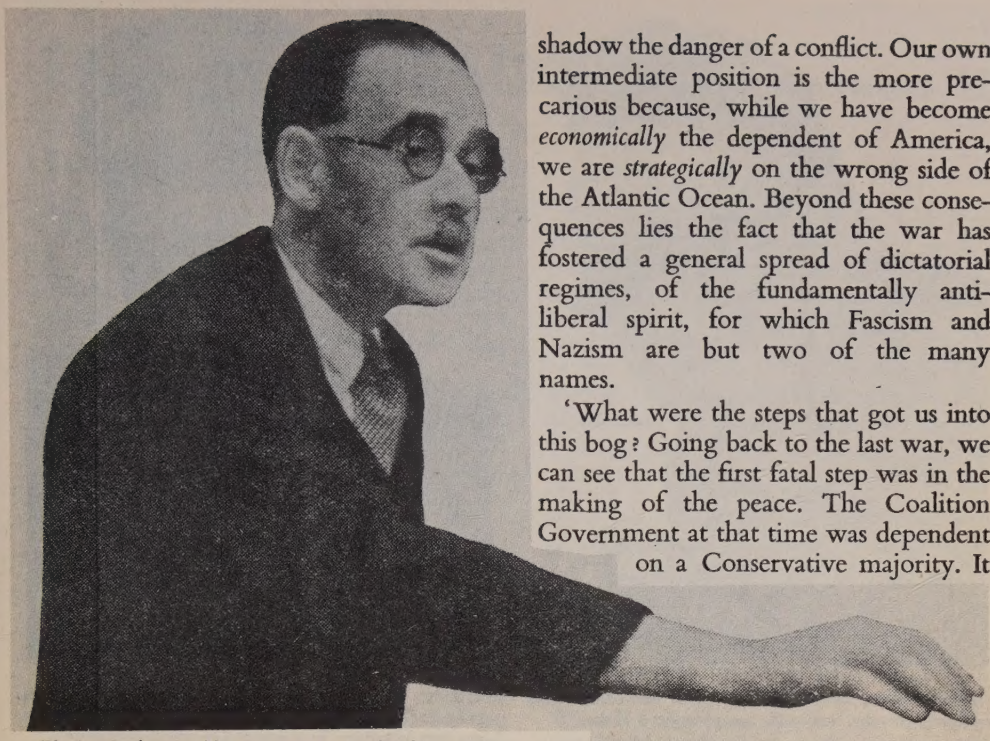
only survive as a puppet state, under the control of the power that struck her from behind in September 1939, and joined with Germany in dividing her territory. It is plain that we cannot fulfil our pledge. We have strained ourselves, as never before in any war, to redeem our honour. Yet we have failed in the end.

'You may say that our real aim was to prevent one great power from dominating the Continent, a ruthless totalitarian power which enslaved the individual to the state. That domination was certainly a serious possibility had Germany not been checked. Nevertheless, the result of absolute victory over Germany has been that Russia, another totalitarian power, is now established as predominant on the Continent. The larger half of Europe is now directly under her control; while the other half contains no state of comparable strength. As General Smuts has pointed out, Russia is 'the new colossus that bestrides this continent, holding a position which no country has ever occupied in the history of Europe'.

'All our main wars have been fought in order to maintain the Balance of Europe, and to prevent any one power from becoming supreme. By destroying Germany so completely, we have automatically defeated our long-term aim—the vital principle of our policy throughout the centuries, since we beat off the Spanish Armada.

'This war was won, in the only real sense of the word, when the Germans' aggressive power was crippled. That result was achieved over two years ago. Since then we have been fighting on, blindly, to smash the Germans' *defensive* power—and with it their capacity to act as a buffer for the west. This result has brought glory, at a heavy price. But it has meant losing the peace.

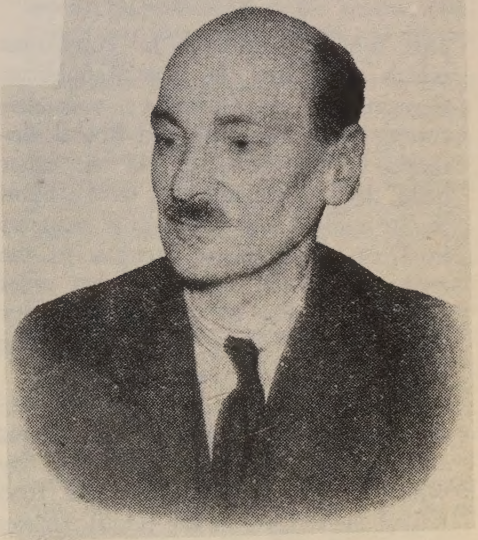
8



Election Irrelevancy No. 2.—LASKI *stretches his control over* ATTLEE

shadow the danger of a conflict. Our own intermediate position is the more precarious because, while we have become *economically* the dependent of America, we are *strategically* on the wrong side of the Atlantic Ocean. Beyond these consequences lies the fact that the war has fostered a general spread of dictatorial regimes, of the fundamentally anti-liberal spirit, for which Fascism and Nazism are but two of the many names.

'What were the steps that got us into this bog? Going back to the last war, we can see that the first fatal step was in the making of the peace. The Coalition Government at that time was dependent on a Conservative majority. It



DID NOT LOOK AHEAD!

'MR. CHURCHILL, Britain's leader, was too excited by the battle to look ahead, and to see the inevitable consequence of the smashing victory for which he thirsted. All this makes no sense. In the gallant, but short-sighted, pursuit of that unreal victory we have reduced ourselves to bankruptcy. We have sold out most of the overseas investments which used to help to pay for our imports, and to maintain the standard of living of our people. We have succeeded in making ourselves economically dependent on the United States. For the last few years we have indeed been living on her charity. The status of a poor relation is always uncomfortable, as we are discovering.

'We are left, like the jam in a sandwich, between two huge mechanised powers, whose economic systems and policies differ so much that they fore-

was the pressure of that massed body of Conservative members which overrode Mr. Lloyd George's desire for a moderate peace settlement; and weakened his restraining influence upon the French.

'The cry—"Squeeze Germany till the

Election Irrelevancy No. 3.—MORRISON *and* CHURCHILL *quarrel over why no warning was given for a V.1*

MONTGOMERY. *His governess-like non-fraternisation order has been abandoned. Anyhow, why are soldiers, who are mere technicans, in charge of German re-education?*

pips squeak"—resulted in conditions which discredited the new Republican Government in Germany; and discouraged all moderate and liberal elements in that country. On the other hand, the burdens imposed were a boon to the violent and revengeful elements in Germany, lending strength to the argument of the militarists that relief could only come by regaining military strength; and paving the way for the rise to power of the Nazis.

'There was a striking contrast between that vindictive peace settlement and the far-sighted statesmanship by which the Liberal Government of 1906 healed the wounds of the South African War, and helped the reconciliation between Boers and Britons, by treating the defeated side with generosity.

'Committing ourselves in this war to the stupid slogan of Unconditional Surrender as our war aim constituted the crowning folly. For it prolonged the war, by infusing into the enemy the courage of desperation. It meant the loss of many thousands more lives than it was necessary to sacrifice. It meant the devastation of Europe in the slow process of liberation. The complete destruction of Germany has made Russia overwhelmingly powerful in Europe. If we should be involved in a quarrel with Russia, she would be a greater danger than Germany was.

TORY FAILURE

'THE Tories have had the predominant part in the government in this country for twenty-four years, out of the last twenty-seven! They pride themselves on putting Patriotism First! Yet, the nature of their policy has brought Britain into a second exhausting war; which leaves her in a weaker position than ever before in modern times! In the better sense of the word, the Tories have not proved "Conservative".'

FOREIGN AFFAIRS: Monthly Comments (I)

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

THE troubled tangle of the month's foreign affairs lies caught between one event we cannot yet measure, and two others whose shapes we cannot yet see (at the time of writing)—the signing of the San Francisco Charter, our own General Election, and the meeting of the 'Big Three' at Potsdam.

It is too early to condemn or adulate the Charter. In its favour, we can set the business-like determination to face war as a natural curse of our existence. The Covenant of the League enuisaged Man as an angel fallen into discord, and needing only an atmosphere of Rotarian deliberation on which to climb once more to Paradise. The Charter starts from the conception that we are testy, violent animals who must be curbed at all costs.

Against it, we must range an utter failure to limit the power for mischief of the *Great Nations*, who constitute the Security Council. As I read the Charter, an aggression by one of the 'Big Three' against a small polity would now prove even more difficult to check *than was Italy's rape of Abyssinia ten years ago*. Against the less improbable calamity of a squabble within the Security Council itself, there appears to lie little remedy, save the decelerative effect of talk. We may praise the wide-eyed caution, the rigid avoidance of the impossible dream, that informs the Charter. But don't let us deceive ourselves. We will never obtain a reliable preventive of war until we are, each of us, prepared to sacrifice a handsome part of our national sovereignty. No such disposition has yet been shown by any member of the Security Council.

We must, therefore, regard the Charter rather as a comforting life insurance that does not free us of the need to watch the oncoming traffic while crossing the road. The rise and maintenance of England as a leading power has always called for supreme diplomatic foresight and skill. Never in an epoch of theoretical peace has our position been more precarious than now. The times call for a *definite* foreign policy, easily understood by a well-informed electorate. Yet through all the noise of promise and vituperation by which we were hounded to the poll, hardly a voice was heard confessing that our relations with Russia could be bettered; there were faults on three sides in Syria; or the Bretton Woods Agreement might prove hard to stomach.

Whatever the outside world may think of our idiosyncrasies, at least we may comfort ourselves with the thought that President Roosevelt's death does not appear to have harmed our relations with America. Decrepitude and the hazards of promotion are quickly disposing of the late President's Cabinet. In a manner slightly reminiscent of Andrew Jackson's day, Missourians, fellow-countrymen of President Truman, are gradually moving into the vacant offices of state. The appointment of James F. Byrnes as Secretary of State is particularly significant. In this matter President Truman has displayed an unusual authority. He has flouted the Catholic vote as Roosevelt surely would never have done. For Mr. Byrnes is not only a heretic; he is something far worse—*an ex-Catholic*. An able negotiator, he is proving at least as easy for us to get on with as his predecessor, despite Irish blood and a Middle-Western background. By the time this article appears, his performance at the Potsdam Conference may have given us some real measure of his parts.

The most momentous question to be settled among the gilded arabesques that once saw Voltaire and the Prussian King nag each other, is the 'Chinese Wall' dividing the Russian zone of Germany from the Anglo-Saxon. As defined at Yalta, these zones were to have been interdependent, subject to a joint supreme authority. For reasons still obscure (the version put out by Moscow blames British intransigence) Germany has instead been carved into two entirely independent countries, across whose frontiers virtually no traffic passes. In the Russian zone lies most of the food; the British and American areas embrace in normal times the larger part of the Reich's population, with the teeming regions of the Ruhr. This disproportion has been exaggerated by millions of refugees who fled westward before the rumours of Russian excesses. To feed these millions we may count on no food from the West. By rights, the agricultural East of the Reich should minister to their stomachs.

By the time this is read the Russians may have given us satisfaction on this point. Yet even if their temper prove no more easy over this large issue than it is now doing over the local problem of feeding the population of the British zone in

Berlin, we must not necessarily impute malice to them. It is simple enough to envisage them fraternising with their well-fed subjects next winter, contrasting their lot under Communist rule with the atmosphere of severity and famine that may well brood over the Anglo-American zone. But we must remember the Russians advanced from the Vistula to Berlin, living on the country, without commissariat in our sense, carrying with them very little, save ammunition and vodka. In their path there was a hecatomb of cattle, pigs and poultry; at the moment, Prussia, Pomerania, Brandenburg and Saxony may well possess no exportable surplus of food.

Meanwhile it is unfortunate that the question of our future relations with the conquered enemy, summed up in the ridiculous word 'non-fraternisation', should lie almost entirely in the hands of *soldiers*. Their attempts to be 'tough' are not impressing the Russians, who manœuvre in Germany with an opportunist freedom we have every reason to envy, and impose an intolerable burden upon British Army discipline. *When will we realise generals are mere technicians, whose fatal desire to play the diplomat nearly always ends in tears?*

Yet Mr. Churchill's natural sympathy for the military mind time and again during the last five years has imposed upon the Foreign Office soldiers' extravagant policies which it has condemned, but been powerless to reject. The present squabble over Syria, for instance, could never, I believe, have been hatched by trained diplomats. The disappointments and vicissitudes of their profession armour them against the short view, the local enthusiasm. Such issues as the Syrian and Lebanese they see in their proper perspective as the fruits of purely parochial stupidities; and indeed both the Quai d'Orsay and Foreign Office have struggled manfully during the past five years to avoid just such a situation as now afflicts us.

We have heard much of French intransigence, of French brutality, of how the French morbidly and unfairly suspect our integrity in Syria. Even if we are not all, as I am, *fond lovers of France*, no reasonable Englishman can deny our need of her. A weak France, an acquiescent France, that lets our enemies come to the Pas de Calais, and where are we? It is important, therefore, we should know and assess the French side of a case that threatens to do Anglo-French relations infinite harm.

The French administration of Syria and the Lebanon has never been famous. It has attracted from France the type of lazy and sometimes corrupt official who, finding in those agreeable lands a luxury, a state he would never know in his native Clermont-Ferrand, fights desperately, unscrupulously, against the ending of the French régime.

In 1941 when the Allies invaded and occupied the country, General Catroux issued a declaration, promising eventual independence to Syria and the Lebanon; and calling for the negotiation of a Treaty to define France's special position in that region—rather on the lines of the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty. We, and America, underwrote the Declaration. The French claim we underwrote, in so doing, *not only France's promise of independence, but also the obligation of the Syrians and Lebanese to negotiate a tolerable treaty with her.*

Relations between the British and French military soon grew sorry. A sentimental liking for Arabs lurks in every British officer's heart, together with an historical suspicion of the French. Nor was the position eased by the appointment of *General Spears* as British Minister! This is no place to judge or to hazard guesses. All that matters is, whatever the Prime Minister may say, the most moderate Frenchmen are convinced the once extravagantly francophile Sir Edward Spears fomented anti-French feeling in the Levant, and has committed us to a policy of humiliating and despoiling France in that region. To support their theories, they point to his public bitterness against them, and his well-known intimacy with Mr. Churchill.

The Syrians are an engaging and subtle nation. Counting on British sympathy, they have, according to French accounts, stubbornly resisted all attempts to negotiate a Treaty, even one confined to the decorous question of 'cultural relations'. They exploit every French blunder, such as the recent bombardment of Damascus, and denigrate every generous gesture, such as the handing over of posts, railways and customs; or more recently of the *troupes spéciales*. Then when real trouble flares up, British troops move in to restore an order we had denied the French the means of keeping, and expel the French in circumstances of brutality and humiliation.

Without going into the sordid twists of this unhappy quarrel, that is the outline of the French complaint. No sensible Frenchman denies the tactless and stubborn temper of General de Gaulle, or condones his occasional pettiness of spirit. Nor does he welcome with anything but suspicion the General's frantic efforts to make France play a great rôle in the world, while still convalescent. But he asks for our generosity. He bids us remember France smarting still from her defeat; has all the phobias, the readiness to take offence, of a person barely

Potsdam. The French palace of Sanssouci, built by Frederick the Great

rescued from a nervous breakdown. Syria is the supreme humiliation, after the exclusion from Yalta, and now from Potsdam. Neither the Foreign Office statement, nor Mr. Churchill's speech in the House of Commons, has spread balm thickly on the wounds.

A handsome gesture is urgently needed. However vital to us may be the friendship of the Arab League, let us make Frenchmen realise we do not condone Syrian stubbornness. Let us make it clear we expect the Syrians to negotiate the Treaty called for by the Catroux declaration.

Of our relations with Russia, the easing of tension in Poland and the Adriatic, but the signs of Russian encroachments into Turkey and Persia, it will be time enough to speak after the Potsdam Conference. Of more urgent moment is the whole issue of the Far Eastern war. Common prudence, promises to America, the need for restoring our prestige in Asia, impel us to wage vigorous war against the Japanese. But the formula of 'unconditional surrender', *that fomented so much unnecessary suffering in the European war*, may well cause the Japanese conflict to drag on indefinitely, and by the diversion of precious shipping increase the ruin and misery of this continent.

We cannot, of course, stop the war till the Japanese forces are humbled, and the military politicians broken for ever. But let us not inflame the natural fanaticism of the Japanese by this rigmarole of 'unconditional surrender'. The terms of peace supposed recently to have been offered by Tokyo may not have been worth much serious thought. They seem to have been largely a bribe to Chiang Kai-shek, of the Nanking Government's troops, to help him in his war against the Communists, which is so very near his heart; but it was the first signs of contrition. *Surely we would be wise at least to consider surrender on terms which would break Japanese power without necessarily imposing too severe a loss of 'face'?*

We should also, I believe, be careful not to humiliate the Emperor, that priest-king who may one day be very useful to us. The bombing of the Imperial Palace, for instance, if deliberate, *was an unhappy blunder*. Hardly less unfortunate was the episode of Admiral Halsey and the Emperor's white horse.

A casual remark dropped into a press conference by this popular American admiral set the whole press of the Union buzzing with a story the State Department were too late to suppress. The Admiral's ambition, it appeared, was to ride Hirohito's white horse. The Emperor's charger is almost sacred. To bestride it would be like defiling an altar for us. Yet America is plastered at the moment with U.S. War Savings advertisements stressing the need to obtain for the admiral that particular august white horse. . . .

WORLD CONSCIENCE

An entirely new kind of Brains Trust! Awkward questions are not censored, as on the B.B.C. The only criterion is 'Is It Right?' What is morally wrong cannot be politically right!

1—HOW CAN GERMANY BE RE-EDUCATED?

PART I—GENERAL IDEAS

Discussed by

Prof. R. W. Seton-Watson (President of the Historical Society)—*Chairman*
Dr. J. C. Flugel (Psychologist)
Prof. H. R. Hamley (Prof. of Education, University of London)
Dr. K. Mannheim (Sociologist, The London School of Economics, University of London)
Prof. Denis Saurat (Literature)
Dr. N. Zernov (Russian author and lecturer)
Rev. Sydney Cave (Principal, New College, University of London)

1. What is the ultimate object of our policy towards Germany? Do we wish, finally, to admit her on equal terms to the proposed world organisation? Or is she to be kept permanently in a position of dependence?

No one advocated the latter alternative, the general feeling of the meeting being expressed by DR. CAVE, who said:

'I think what we want is not repression or revenge, but reconciliation; that Germany should appear again in the comity of peoples, and that the great gifts of the Germans should be used for the good of their own people, and the enrichment of the world.'

DR. FLUGEL, in agreeing, urged the need for an early inclusion—even if only in a subordinate capacity. He felt that for Germany to be an outsider would be fatal.

DR. ZERNOV also stressed the danger of exclusion, saying:

'Hitler used the isolation of Germany as a step towards his establishment of control. The more we isolate Germany, the more we contribute again to the erection of this same psychological state which made it possible for Hitler to rise to power.'

The ultimate aim, as expressed by Dr. Cave, was adopted.

PROF. SAURAT: But surely that implies that we wish Germany should stand again as one state?

PROF. SETON-WATSON: Clearly.

PROF. SAURAT: Then I am not able to agree with that, because I do not think it desirable. I wish to distinguish between the German State and the Germans. The German State since 1871 has done nothing but bad things.

PROF. HAMLEY: I would point out that if things have got steadily worse in Germany, they can get steadily better by the same methods. Isn't that the whole point of our discussion?

PROF. SAURAT: Very well then, we have to find a method by which things can go better.

2. What are the chief pre-requisites of Germany's admission to the world organisation?

Here again the meeting had little difficulty in reaching agreement.

PROF. SETON-WATSON suggested that Germany should provide evidence of having fulfilled the allied conditions of disarmament. These, he felt, should not merely apply to arms and armed forces, but also to the heavy industries, chemical industries and civil aviation.

PROF. HAMLEY agreed, but said it would not be enough for Germany to be at peace in a static sense. She must show that she is willing to co-operate actively with other nations.

It was generally agreed that the change of psychological outlook, implied by Prof. Hamley, was the chief pre-requisite of admission.

DR. FLUGEL, summing up, said: 'Without that change, we cannot rely upon the other things. And that leads us on to re-education—and the methods of accomplishing it.'

8

3. The task of re-education

We have said: to change the German's outlook. What then, is their outlook?

What are the psychological reasons for Germany's aggressiveness?

DR. FLUGEL stressed the fact that the Germans were not inherently wicked, but were merely exhibiting characteristics that were common human characteristics.

'We must start,' he said, 'by recognising that we all, individually and as groups, have these possibilities within ourselves.

'You can see it very often in individuals. Any child psychologist will tell you that children display greed, aggression, selfishness, and delight in cruelty.

'Similarly, as regards nations, every nation has had its orgies of cruelties and aggression. We need only think of the witch-hunts, the heresy hunts, the practice of slavery—I need not give further examples.

'What we have to decide is: what has made it possible for the Germans to behave with this *exceptional* wickedness?

'It is, I think, that their system, their philosophy, moralises the immoral. It is a complete transvaluation of all values. It suppresses what we have come to regard as normal, civilised morality; looks upon that merely as a sign of weakness, and praises and encourages brutality and force of every kind. All kindly impulses are suppressed. All cruel impulses are encouraged. Collective immorality comes about either through moralising the immoral, or through shutting one's eyes to the immoral. Germany exhibits both those characteristics.

'That brings me to a third question. What particular means has Germany adopted to achieve this revolution of moral values?

'It is its deification of the state. The Germans have taken this attitude towards the state (an attitude, incidentally, which is implicit in many countries) and definitely adopted it as a moral principle. They have had, in fact, a particularly virulent form of the national disease.'

PROF. HAMLEY confirmed this last part, saying that, while in Germany between 1935 and 1938, he had been shocked to hear boys being taught that they could rapidly rise to the highest positions by giving their loyalty to the state, and denying loyalty to anything below the state.

DR. MANNHEIM agreed with Dr. Flugel that is was not enough to say that there was wickedness in human nature. We had to pay even greater attention to discovering why the wickedness broke out there, and with them.

To the reasons already given by Dr. Flugel, he added another, saying: 'The answer, I think, is that what happened in Germany in the Nazi period and pre-Nazi period was a tremendous disintegration of society.

'If we were to be put in the same state of disintegration, this country would show much greater resistance because of her cultural heritage. But if you were to go on and have these disintegrating factors like lost war, mass unemployment, bottomless inflation and other things, then you would see a great many similarities arising to what happened in Germany.

'As soon as society disintegrates, there is psychological regression, and in those circumstances it happens that people become murderers, not because they are aggressive, but because they are afraid. The nearest analogy is a beehive that has lost its queen and the social interplay between the individuals is disturbed.

'Fear is a much greater factor in making people aggressive than genuine aggressiveness. It is the problem of two people who each have a revolver, and each one is sure that the other will shoot, and therefore he shoots first.

'The problem was, and will be in the future, how you can convince them that there is no reason for fear, no *cordon sanitaire*, no this and that, and we can go on without shooting.'

PROF. SAURAT challenged Dr. Mannheim's last assertion, saying: 'I feel very much inclined to query the relationship of cause and effect in this argument, because there were no such conditions in 1910 and 1914, and yet the Germans behaved substantially in the same way. They had no *cordon sanitaire* in 1910; they had no fear of other countries, but they often pretended they had.'

DR. FLUGEL: I think that is answered by what I tried to state to begin with. The difference is not in the individual man, but in the pattern of culture, to adopt a phrase that the anthropologists are using now.

'The Germans have succumbed to a pattern of culture which encourages these things, and I want to suggest, in answer to Prof. Saurat, that we or any other nation would have behaved similarly if we had succumbed to this pattern of culture, and that succumbing would, in turn, have been made easier, if we had had the previous disintegration to which Dr. Mannheim referred.'

Dr. Flugel's implication, that the job facing educationists was to change this 'pattern of culture,' was further amplified by DR. MANNHEIM.

He said: 'There is no such thing as a constant national character. Situations cause it to improve or deteriorate. History moulds it. Therefore, the

problem is: how can you improve the situation that creates the deterioration—the culture that develops the worst possibilities instead of the best possibilities? How can you improve culture itself?'

4. What should be the primary aim of our educational policy?

As a preliminary to this question, pre-requisites for the success of *any* educational policy were indicated by Professor Saurat and Dr. Mannheim.

PROF. SAURAT felt that the problem of re-education should not be considered in relation to Germany alone.

'Our first task', he said, 'should be to establish in many particulars—but not in all—a system of education which covers all civilised nations.

'I would not like to have this exaggerated in any way. It is highly undesirable that all men of all nations should be brought up in the same way. On the contrary, civilisation is largely based on the cultivation of differences. But these differences must be built upon a common basis. Therefore in each nation there ought to be two parts in the educational system: a part which is common to all civilised peoples, and a part which develops special tendencies and ideals of that particular people.'

We must re-educate ourselves

'I fully realise,' continued Professor Saurat, 'that this implies a reform of education here, or in France, or in America, or in any concurring countries, and that is perhaps our first need.

'We have, at present, truthfully speaking, no system of education at all. Our so-called educational system is a scrap-heap on which all the refuse of the past has been accumulating and what is used is what takes the individual teacher's fancy.

'There is really no method in it. If we do not first establish here a proper system of education, then we cannot re-educate Germany or anybody else.'

DR. MANNHEIM said he did not think that anything the meeting might propose could be accomplished without assuming that some of the Germans were with us. Anything we did, as British from outside, was hopeless. We could only succeed by working in co-operation with that section of the German people who had suffered and waited for us.

'We can discuss the number,' he said. 'We can discuss the limits of sincerity, but there are certainly people who suffered even more than we did.'

As a preliminary to any scheme, we should contact some really great Germans with a great democratic tradition. There were still some alive in Germany, and in other countries, and many refugees here who knew a great deal and would help.

Group to study German psychology

DR. MANNHEIM also suggested forming a group to diagnose the German mind.

'We have to start,' he said, 'with an inventory of the mind. Instead of *imagining* what the Germans have been like and will be like, we must *know* that these are the types of Germans to be met now. We must know what are their expectations; to what they react positively; to what they re-act negatively. That is not possible. I have read a few things that are very interesting, and the next ten years will give us some scope for further work along that line.'

Need for co-ordination

Finally, Dr. Mannheim emphasised the need for our educational policy co-ordinating with other aspects of reconstruction.

'If we do a little here and a little there,' he said, 'improve text-books, create youth clubs, have a new type of legislation or a new type of parliamentary system, and these are not co-ordinated, you get a patchwork. Only when there is balance, economically, socially, psychologically, and in everything, can you do something.

'What you want to rebuild in a relatively short time, you must operate simultaneously on many different levels—economic, social, moral, ideological. You have to work out the far-reaching consequences as far as human mind and knowledge can foresee them, and you have to see how one level is related to the other, and how one level will affect the other.'

The meeting then went on to discuss what should be the primary object of our educational policy.

DR. FLUGEL enumerated nine such objects.

The main thing, he said, was how to produce this co-operation on which they were agreed. Certain steps of a general kind immediately presented themselves.

1. To begin with, something easy and purely intellectual to show up, or de-bunk, the anthropological nonsense—the racial questions.

2. To debunk the ethical nonsense, both as regards worship of war and worship of state.

In the former case, we should try to show that community life implied a give and take, and that those who relied exclusively on aggression were bound sooner or later to come to a sticky end. 'All they that take to the sword shall perish

with the sword'—one could probably drive that home by historical examples, and Germany herself was an excellent example in the last two wars.

As regards state worship, Dr. Flugel said he attached great importance to indicating that the whole world was to some extent guilty of this nationalism—and not Germany alone.

'It is implied,' he declared, 'in the doctrine of the sovereign state which has practically no ethical obligations beyond itself. The whole doctrine of the sovereign state has got to be modified and moralised. You have to apply to states the morals which we have all recognised for centuries as applying to individuals.'

Dr. Flugel continued: 3. 'My next point would be to try and create an enthusiasm for reconstruction. The Germans need not only feel guilty; they can atone—as to some extent we all can—by throwing their energies into constructive purposes. They should be encouraged in this, and encouraged to regard it not merely as a punishment, but as something positive—as making their positive contribution.

4. 'The Germans should regard themselves as collaborators. We have *all* got to reconstruct, and they would be collaborators in a larger team working ultimately for a world organisation—or, at any rate, for a better world.'

PROF. SAURAT: It seems to me that our discussion is getting fantastic; we are saying to ourselves that we are going to make the Germans become this or that. It is as if you said to a sheep: 'Now you are going to become a pig'.

DR. MANNHEIM: But education consists to a certain extent of that.

DR. FLUGEL: Any education can be misused, but human beings are educable, pigs are not—or only to some extent. Germans are human beings and, like individual criminals, Germans—if you regard them as criminals—are also capable of re-education. People who have been criminals in some cases become useful citizens. The re-education of criminals does take place; there is no doubt about that.

PROF. HAMLEY: In any case, this generation will pass away; we are not thinking altogether in terms of this generation.

DR. FLUGEL: To continue my thesis, I propose that we have to take certain steps of a general kind: (1) to tackle the anthropological nonsense; (2) the ethical nonsense; (3) enthusiasm for reconstruction; (4) collaboration in reconstruction.

Then, fifth, and this links on to what we have said in No. 1, we should try to create some

PROFESSOR SAURAT *the great French littérateur. Author of* Milton

interest or enthusiasm in a world organisation. We have to create in Germany a loyalty, an interest, in a world organisation—just as we have to do in the case of other countries.

Sixth, we have to link this loyalty to a world organisation on to the existing loyalty to the state. That again is the same kind of problem that we have with other nations; it is not so essentially different.

Seventh, in so far as we indulge in punishment, if it is to be useful, we have got to get Germany to participate to some extent in the disapproval of the punished persons. There have, perhaps inevitably, to be scapegoats. This, however, is a much more complicated question and I am not so certain about it.

My eighth point is the most general, and I think the most important, of all. We have to try to show that there are democratic virtues, that there are values in democracy, and that democracy is not synonymous with degeneration. You see, Nazism appealed because under the Weimar Republic people felt there was no great ideal worth living for, and Hitler did provide the great ideal—a perverted one—but it was an ideal. And we have somehow or other to provide values.

And again; and this is my ninth and last point—this does involve ourselves as well as Germany. So that running through this whole idea there is the belief that in re-educating Germany we must, to some extent, re-educate ourselves.

PROF. SAURAT: There I agree. In fact we ought to begin with ourselves.

PROF. HAMLEY pointed out that Dr. Flugel's first two or three principles were negative.

'I rather doubt,' he said, 'if we are going to

H. R. HAMLEY
Professor of Education, Institute of Education, University of London

get any farther by trying to demolish by argument or reason the things that they have been holding to tenaciously—mostly, of course, in an emotional way.

'For example, I should never try to persuade any German that Hitler was a scoundrel or any evil thing. I should ignore that issue as far as possible. And just in the same way I should ignore direct refutation of their anthropological and ethical ideas. I should try to put in the foreground of my methods of dealing with Germans something more positive.

'For instance, when I went back to Iraq at the beginning of 1942, my first plan was to try to get hold of Iraqi youth, and try to bring them round to a different point of view.

'So I organised huge camps for boys. And in that I adopted the same method as the Nazis themselves. I did not once refer to Rashid Ali—their former leader and Prime Minister. I did not once refer to their previous ideas, or ideals, or actions. I started off on the assumption that they desired good things, better things—for themselves and for their country.

'I would rather,' continued Prof. Hamley, 'take Dr. Flugel's last points first: the inculcation of the democratic idea both by teaching and by provision of opportunities for democratic living.

'As I look at it, democracy has at least three aspects: one is the democratic ideology; two is the system of government; and the third is the democratic method—the way of life—which is the way people act in political things, such as going to elections, giving their votes, etc.

'There is a democratic way of life which has many of the elements that Dr. Flugel mentioned, such as enthusiasm for the reconstruction of the country, and the spirit of collaboration, and mutual helpfulness and that sort of thing.

'I don't think you could impose the democratic system on Germany in the absence of this life.'

Professor Hamley went on to say that he would like to see one other goal added to the list—the restoration of the family as a foundation of German life.

'We must get German youth,' he said, 'to believe that the foundation of all common national and community life rests in the family. From this idea of family, one can lead gradually to the conception of Germany's place in the community of nations.'

DR. FLUGEL agreed that perhaps one should dwell rather on something positive than negative. He still felt, however, that we should try, if possible, to turn the inevitable reaction against Nazism to our advantage.

'Any quick change,' he said, 'implies some revulsion of feeling against the previous régime, which, while the country is under control, would be prevented from going to extreme limits but which might help.

'After the last war, there was a short period when a certain number of people in Germany did say: "*Nie wieder krieg*".

'That does not last, but it would be a considerable help for immediate purposes if we could support some such attitude—if they said: "Never again, Nazism".'

The views expressed by these last speakers met with general agreement.

Summary

Ten educational aims were put forward in the course of discussion.

A number of these, however, can be considered as intermediate steps towards the same goal.

The restoration of the family, for instance, can be regarded as a means of achieving loyalty to the world organisation.

Collaboration in reconstruction—as Professor Hamley pointed out—is implicit in the idea of the democratic way of life.

The suggestions made can, in fact, be summarised into a three Point Programme:

1. To inculcate loyalty to the world organisation.
2. To inculcate loyalty to democratic ideals.
3. To eradicate the worship of race, power and state.

Practical methods of achieving these objects—and wider implications of the policy—will be discussed in the next article.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CONFERENCE

SOFYA WYATT

THE Conference was given a false start by the widespread public misconception of its purpose, even though the people, hushed and tense on the edge of their seats, watched the proceedings with passionate hope. A plan for keeping the peace was inaccurately understood to mean a plan for making the peace, and even the 'host city' of San Francisco committed the unhappy *faux-pas* of welcoming the delegates to the 'Peace Conference' in bright placards plastered all over the city! A public survey conducted by the National Research Centre of the University of Denver revealed the depressing fact that there existed a widespread fatalistic resignation to the inevitable cycle of war, when six out of ten Americans expressed the opinion that there would be another war within fifty years (half of this number expected war within 25 years).

Weeks before the Conference started, the New York daily P.M. attempted to plumb public information by conducting an interesting man-in-the-street interview outside Radio City Music Hall in New York. The passers-by were asked to define Dumbarton Oaks. Six out of fifty people answered correctly! (Note to Mr. Noel Coward: two of the six came from Brooklyn.) Twenty-five flatly didn't know. The answers of the remaining nineteen were comical enough to fill a book of schoolboy boners, but boners are only funny when they come from schoolboys. The serious truth was that for twenty-seven years Americans had neglected their homework. While they had carelessly flipped the pages of history in their haste to read the 'sports' and 'funnies', a warlike hand one day took them by surprise as it shot beyond the neat clipped inviolate hedge, grabbed their sons from their soft couches and put them to bed in foxholes. The crisp little American housewife and her kindly mate, who simply thought of Fascism as a word mouthed by well-fed radio commentators, were suddenly jerked out of their comfortable movie seats by the horror of Fascism in all its retching reality. Yes! When the delegates assembled at San Francisco, there was an unmistakable and determined clamour from the people for Peace. They wished it firmly, because it was in their hearts. The delegates wished it firmly too, but it was in their neat black brief cases.

Within the first twenty-four hours of the first plenary session, Americans wrinkled their brows a little. They couldn't quite get it, not even with the benefit of interpreters. Sovereignty, regional blocs, mandates, amendments, committees, trusteeships, and all the other words that emerged from the Conference, were just a lot of Double Dutch to the people, but the press, seeking to interpret, said it was all in Russian. From the start the spotlight was relentlessly turned on Molotov, where it stayed overtime. The little smiling man with the pince-nez, who was usually photographed standing quietly behind Stalin, was a smash-hit with the American public at his opening appearance. Crowds pressed into the corridors of the St. Francis Hotel to get a mere glimpse of him, and milled around the Opera House to cheer him wildly, as other celebrities passed unnoticed. His first press conference was jammed to the door, and he handled the smart-alecky reporters with an aplomb that sent them into a tailspin.

Never was an event so over-reported, and with so much irresponsibility, as San Francisco. The reports which could easily have been handled by 150 newspapermen, were grossly mishandled by the 2,000 who were present. A-quiver for the good story they failed to find in the carefully-worded mass interviews to which they were invited, many of the newsmen hung around the smoke-filled bar of the Palace Hotel, and snatched at Rumour, which they promptly rattled off as Gospel Truth to the folks back home. The Isolationist Press, however, had no difficulty whatsoever in reporting the Conference. Pictorially, it was a perpetual Machiaevellian 'still' of Molotov grinning evilly with a vodka cocktail in his hand, and a Molotov cocktail behind his back. Bent on disrupting the peace effort, as they had done the war effort, the reactionary Press strove to resuscitate the bogey of beastly Bolshevism by transforming their own opposition to Russia into the idea that Russia was against the Conference. At Russia's first democratic suggestion of rotating chairmanships, they sent up a holy howl that America was going to get a thorough trimming at San Francisco. Psychologically, the moment ripened to undermine the American public. As victory in Europe was won, the people fell away to examine more carefully

President Truman sent JOSEPH C. DAVIES *(herewith), former Ambassador to Moscow, to London to smooth out trouble*

the stranger they had embraced in the moment of common peril, and they were susceptible to rumour.

Former Under-Secretary of State, Sumner Welles, and other observers, felt that it was the public airing of issues, such as the admission of Poland, that served to confuse public opinion, but if opinion was disintegrated on the subject of Poland, it was certainly public airing that caused it to fly together again into one articulate outraged piece on the subject of Argentina. The American public vociferously rejected the sacrilegious presence of Argentina at the ceremony of sealing the tomb of Fascism for all time. It was this issue, too, that caused the press to snap out of its dizzy spell and stand grimly behind the people. The first press conference after the admission of Argentina found Secretary of State Stettinius flushed to the roots of his distinguished hair, backing nervously away as the newsmen advanced to challenge rather than to inquire. It is common knowledge that in long-distance telephone conversations from his sick bed in Bethesda Naval Hospital, Maryland, former Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, laid the hand of elder statesmanship upon Stettinius, and put him firmly back in his place. President Truman led boldly when, with skilled statesmanship, he dispatched Harry Hopkins, the favourite whipping boy of the anti-New Dealers, off to Moscow, and Joseph Davies, former U.S. Ambassador to Russia, off to London, in a highly lauded attempt to re-establish the firm and friendly co-operation of the Big Powers.

The growing public fear that Big Power understanding had deteriorated into an Anglo-American understanding was laid to rest when, towards the end of the Conference, Stettinius announced in a national broadcast that it was America's intention 'to maintain the rôle of mediator in the Big Powers', a rôle which, it might be observed parenthetically, the misguided Secretary of State had done much to destroy.

Even though the admission of Argentina spoke shamefully for itself, the public had further corroboration of the underlying politics involved in this deal when George Seldes, editor of the liberal publication, *In Fact*, revealed that in an off-the-record talk in Congress, Nelson Rockefeller of the State Department said the American delegation had tied up the pan-American bloc against Russia. Rockefeller further said: 'We have to keep Argentina in the world organisation as a bulwark against Communism.'

The post-VE-Day order of Foreign Economic Administrator, Leo T. Crowley, curtailing Lend-Lease aid to Russia, coming on the heels of the differences over Poland, whipped up another froth of rumour, and gave the public generally the impression that the curtailment was a diplomatic squeeze to force either a declaration of war on Japan by Russia, or a settlement on Poland. The people had to be reminded in a vehement denial by Lend-Lease officials that it was their own congressional ban on peacetime aid, written into the recent extension act, that compelled curtailment of Lend-Lease shipments to Russia, and that was that.

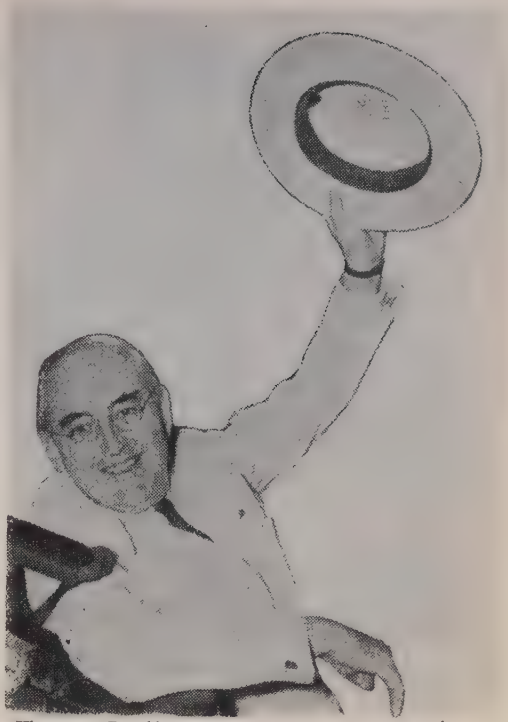
The leaden weight of Russian distrust, though slowly pried off the chest of the American people, left its toll of disillusionment, weariness and cynicism over what was thought to be a lack of progress in the first two weeks of the Conference. As was pointed out by leading writers and radio commentators, this attitude was manifestly due to public misunderstanding of the processes that turned the wheels of progress at such a Conference. In commenting on the need for patience and time in a Conference which is a Conference (not a world's fair), Samuel Grafton, writing in the *Chicago Sun*, pointed out that at the United States Constitutional Convention which met on 2 May 1787, only two of the states bothered to show up on opening day, and it took almost a month to get a quorum of seven delegations together. The Convention was deadlocked on state voting powers for two more months.

Raymond Gram Swing in a radio broadcast pointed out, too, that substantial time was needed in a Conference as important as UNCIO to thrash out many questions which are finally decided quickly. His opinion was borne out by the amazing acceleration of business in hand after the first two weeks, when in six short meetings the Great Powers agreed on a new amendment formula, and the facility with which the Big Powers were able to find the common ground in which to make these revisions jointly, came as a delightful and exhilarating shock to the American people.

The great public hope for ultimate Senatorial approval of the final agreements reached at San Francisco was lent a fillip of promise when Republican Senator Vandenberg, the former Isolationist leader, recently turned moist-eyed internationalist, finally shuffled into line with the other members of the American delegation, demonstrating with force that in the final analysis the power of the world electorate transcended that of his Polish constituents in Michigan. Even though the powerful Republican Senator may be painfully conscious that the late President Roosevelt included him on the American delegation as a skilful and strategic approach to the goodwill of the Senate, and even though the Isolationist Press may lovngly seek to intimidate him by calling him 'the hope of the nation', it is hardly likely that he will repudiate the plans he helped promote, or that he will risk advising his Republican colleagues in the Senate to do so either.

The intact retention of the unilateral veto of the Big Powers as laid down at Yalta over the strenuous opposition of the small nations produced favourable reaction in Republican circles and showed once again the prophetic vision of the late President who, in supporting a technique for preserving the hallowed sovereignty of the U.S. within the larger framework of an international organisation, laid the skilful groundwork for the ultimate approval of the over-all plan by the highly nationalistic elements in the Senate. The Vetoing power of the Big Powers was accepted, but never clearly understood by the American people. That a power guilty of aggression could by its veto restrain punitive measures against itself seemed to the layman no more just or sensible than taking the defendant out of the dock and placing him at the judge's bench.

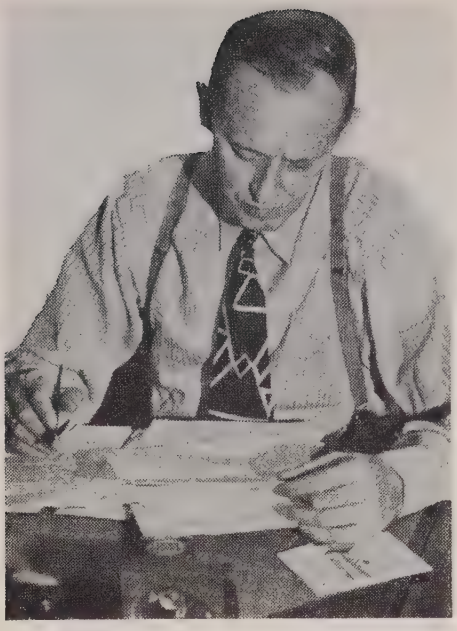
The problem of incorporating regional agreements into the international framework was skilfully handled in the compromise formula that emerged, but the warning was sounded by the Liberal Press that the authority and control



The great Republican SENATOR VANDENBERG *has recently given moderate approval to U.S. participation in world co-operation*

of the world organisation would, under the new formula, depend in practice largely upon the ability of the Security Council to 'keep on top' of the regional bodies, by swift and alert action.

The discussion of mandates and trusteeships found the troubled British delegates earnestly trying to think up an acceptable substitute for the word 'independence' which Commissar Molotov boldly proposed for inclusion in the final statement on the future of dependent peoples. Assisting the British was Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar, head of the Indian delegation, as he assured the press that the world had come to the state where the 'emphasis is not on independence but on interdependence.' As he spoke, Madame Pandit, the beautiful sister of the imprisoned Indian leader, Nehru, did some vigorous heckling outside his window! When Great Britain shied at the word 'independence', it was clear that her solemn pledge of a programme of economic and social reform for her Colonies would be fulfilled only within the system of her Empire and, as one writer put it, 'at a horse and buggy pace'. The American negroes, who represent one-tenth of the U.S. population, were watching the issue of the Colonies carefully through their three representatives invited to San Francisco,



HARRY HOPKINS *was sent to Moscow. He has now collapsed under the strain of it all*

because in it they saw a broader aspect of their own problem of second-class citizenship in the United States. They got scant promise for their future. The editor of the negro newspaper, *The Chicago Defender*, commented bitterly: 'the Colonial issue contains the potential seeds of another world conflict.'

While playing her Colonial cards close to her chest, Great Britain pertly demanded to see the cards of the U.S. in the matter of trusteeships. She did not approve of the distinction by the American delegation of trusteeships for military security (which would not be subject to scrutiny by the trustee committee of the general organisation). The American delegation would probably have gone along with the British, but the differentiation in trusteeships was an essential sop to the army and navy which had raised a howl against any international nosey-parkering into the islands which had been wrung from the enemy with 'the blood of America's sons'. Public opinion was generally opposed to the stand of the American delegation on trusteeships. The people felt it was advisable to give the world organisation the maximum possible degree of authority. As Raymond Gram Swing put it: 'What Americans call annexation for security, foreigners call imperialism, and what foreigners call annexation for security Americans call imperialism.'

As the Conference drew to a close, some measure of its success was seen in the general handshaking that went on among the most divergent elements of the press, not including, of course, the Isolationist Press, which had the verdict in its pocket before the Conference started. There seemed to be, too, an almost ethical reluctance on the part of organised groups (which number thousands in the U.S. and do much to shape public opinion) to sound any sour notes about an effort which, even in the words of the rich man's pet publication, *Fortune*, was 'a carefully though not very bravely calculated attempt to avoid or at least postpone the next war.' This magazine further listed the three major merits of the proposed organisation for maintaining peace. They were: (1) Any great power, particularly the U.S., can join it without sacrificing freedom of action or jeopardising such security as it may create for itself. (2) It sets up machinery of continuous international consultation, and (3) The Assembly, and to a lesser extent the world court, are provided with great opportunities, though little power. Had these merits been listed a little later than they were, they would no doubt have included the notable and subsequently greatly strengthened functions of the Social and Economic Council which, by recognising that economic forces are largely responsible for war, had stepped ahead of the League of Nations which had failed because of its purely political preoccupation with stemming the more visible signs of war.

Although the influential Catholic Church had followed the other groups in maintainiug a strict diplomatic silence on the Conference, a noon mass sermon by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fnlton . Sheen of the Catholic University of America, Washington D.C., attracted considerable attention as it probably offered some clue to official Catholic opinion. Warning against sacrifice to 'realism', Monseignor Sheen added: 'The nations at the Conference will not be able to find among themselves the solution of world peace. Statesmen must turn to ethical principles as a basis for world organisation, and adhere to them.

'In twenty years prior to the present war, there was an average of a treaty a day signed between nations throughout the world, yet these treaties were not successful.'

This major note of unconstructive pessimism coming with the authority of the pulpit, and at a time when the sorely-tried people needed most desperately a re-affirmation of their faith, could indeed do no more than cast a black shadow of discouragement far into a future that not even the most spiritually-minded could rightfully claim to foresee!

A MODERATE PEACE IS ESSENTIAL

THE LESSONS OF HISTORY ARE IRREFUTABLE

CAPT. LIDDELL HART

ONE of the clearest points which emerge from the study of history is that *the future is moulded by the past*. If we work out our bearing merely from the narrow basis of the last experience, it is easy to produce a fresh error.

An adequate baseline would seem to be provided by the experience of our peace settlements since the beginning of the eighteenth century, for it was a turning point in human history. The seventeenth century had been filled with religious conflicts that were accompanied and intensified by social upheavals. In the Wars of Religion which followed the Reformation a passionate conflict of faiths was mingled with new economic desires and with the new spirit of nationalism, which together formed a highly explosive mixture. An appalling climax was reached in the Thirty Years' War of 1618–1648. The barbarous behaviour of the rival armies, and the unlimited licence for pillage, caused such devastation that the population of Germany was reduced to less than half of what it had been. The consequence, in the judgment of historians, was to put back its civilised development by the equivalent of two centuries' growth.

The result of such devastating warfare produced a revolution that led to a spontaneous growth of restraint subsequently in the practice of warfare. Although the Church had no longer the unity required to maintain a common moral code, an effective substitute was found in the respect for reason that was inspired by a common culture based on the classics.

Experience of the endless violence to which religious enthusiasm had led was a potent factor in developing an attitude of restraint and a sense of doubt—which together amounted to something approaching tolerance. Men came to feel that behaviour mattered more than belief, and customs more than creeds, in making earthly life tolerable and human relations workable.

Like the Confucians, they felt that the idea of becoming a 'gentleman' according to a pattern that was reasonably acceptable was a more practicable ideal than becoming a 'good man' in the spiritual sense. Being on a lower level, it required a more moderate climb, yet was a step towards the higher level, while also an urgent necessity to get out of the quicksands in which civilisation was sinking.

But everything was still in the balance when the eighteenth century opened, and the great war which developed at the same time made the situation the more precarious. It is often said that eighteenth-century wars were 'limited' because they were waged for aims that introduced no fundamental issues. Such a view is contradicted by the conditions of the struggle against France under Louis XIV. For the fear of his threatened domination of Europe was multiplied by the fear of the religious oppression which his victory was expected to bring. The spectre of Catholicism haunted the Protestant countries at that time as the spectre of Fascism haunts the democratic countries in our time. Deep passions were thus stirred up. The fight against Louis XIV was filled with all the elements that might have made it as brutally devastating as the Thirty Years' War.

Yet, in the event, the long struggle witnessed a remarkable maintenance of restraint on both sides. There would seem to have been a general realisation of the greater evil that would develop if violence were pushed to such extremes as to get out of control. As a result, the war was conducted with military 'good manners'. It might have turned out differently if a Cromwell had been at the head of the Protestant forces instead of a Marlborough.

In the pursuit of war aims, less wisdom was shown. Blenheim deflated Louis' ambitions, but inflated his opponents. After that cold douche on the Danube, Louis made peace proposals to Holland, the immediate victim of his aggression. The Whig Government in England, however, was not inclined to be content with anything short of victory, and pressed Holland to reject Louis' proposals. They were determined to put the Allied candidate, the Archduke Charles of Austria, on the throne of Spain—in place of Philip V—and committed themselves to the slogan of 'No peace without Spain'.

In 1706, after Ramillies and the other Allied victories in Spain and Italy, Louis sought peace on a basis which amply met the original Allied desires. Holland and the German States would

have been satisfied to accept this offer, but the Austrians wanted more territory in Italy, while Marlborough was intent on continuing the war.

Another and still greater opportunity came in 1709, when France was reduced to such desperate straits that Louis sued for peace in the most humbled way. The Allies framed very stiff terms, stipulating forty conditions. On all of these points Louis yielded except the Thirty-seventh, which declared that the armistice would be terminated by the Allies if Spain was not completely delivered up within two months. This meant that if Philip V refused to quit his Kingdom, Louis must turn him out—without having either the force or the time to do so—on penalty of the Allies resuming their advance into France.

And if they did that, Louis would be gravely handicapped by the loss of the frontier fortresses which he would have handed over to the Allies under other articles of the treaty as a guarantee of good faith. The Allied conditions, in sum, required him *to render himself powerless to oppose them* while simultaneously undertaking to perform *what he was powerless to achieve.*

That Marlborough saw the extreme nature of this dual demand is evident from a letter he wrote to Heinsius, the Dutch Statesman, saying: 'If I were in the place of the King of France I should venture the loss of my country much sooner than be obliged to join my troops for the forcing of my grandson.' But, as Trevelyan remarks, 'he had done nothing to find a way out of the *impasse*, being content to shift the responsibility, in part at least, on to the shoulders of the Whigs, the new men who understood the real difficulties less then he, and could therefore feel happy so long as they could continue to repeat the slogan of "No peace without Spain".'

Marlborough had been largely responsible for embodying the Allied war aims in this slogan, and thus felt committed to it. The Whigs had gained office by exploiting its popular appeal, and had come to regard it as a guarantee of their continuation in office, while their fanatical hatred for Louis XIV blinded them to the possibilities of achieving any good peace short of the extreme. So negotiations broke down on the 'impossible' demand. The war went on, and the French achieved an astonishing rally in sheer desperation, while the English people began to wonder whether their continued journey through the war was really necessary. Even Marlborough's troops had a feeling that their sacrifice was not essential.

The Whig Government was replaced in 1710 by a Tory one, and this step by Queen Anne was overwhelmingly endorsed by popular vote at the subsequent General Election. Unofficial soundings for a fresh peace plan were then initiated secretly by several of the new Ministers. Two more years passed in discussion and negotiation before it was translated into a definite peace treaty. The process involved much political and diplomatic manœuvring. At home the opposition of the Whig majority in the House of Lords was only overcome by creating a dozen new peers to swell the Tory vote. Next, Marlborough's counter-influence was overcome by procuring his dismissal from command on charge of financial corruption. After that there was still the difficulty of persuading England's Allies to moderate their demands and reconcile themselves to the settlement. During this stage of 'persuasion' the English Army was first restrained from advancing, and then withdrawn from the field. Under such pressure, all came into line except Austria. The Treaty of Utrecht was at last signed in April 1713.

The results of this peace settlement are well summed up in Trevelyan's verdict on Bolingbroke, who achieved it—'He stands in history as the man who, by courses however devious and questionable, negotiated a Peace which proved in the working more satisfactory than any other that has ended a general European conflict in modern times.' That negotiated settlement secured one of the longest periods of peace that Western Europe had known. It disproved fears that the French menace had not been eradicated, and might be revived. Better still, its reasonableness set the keynote for the conduct of war and the making of peace when war eventually recurred. Passions were not cured, but were kept under control. War was not abolished, but its damage was minimised.

The eighteenth-century view of war was well expressed in Vattel's famous work of 1758, *le droit des gens, ou principes de la loi naturelle.* War is an evil, but an inevitable one in a world composed of independent sovereign States. For when two such States disagree, and each believes that its case is just, there is no superior law or judge to decide the issue. They resort to war as a substitute for justice, both accepting the convention that the scales of battle shall decide who is right. But as wars are an evil, they should be limited as far as possible. They should decide the questions at issue without ruining the adversaries, and without leaving such legacies of hatred and vengefulness as to wreck the subsequent chances of peace. If too heavy a burden is laid on the defeated side, there will be no peace, but only a truce, and the conflict will be pursued to the point of mutual extermination.

The practice of war in the eighteenth century sometimes fell short of Vattel's principles, but its essential moderation is apparent in his own remark that war had come to be confined to the regular armies, and that the people, both peasantry and townsfolk, had 'nothing to fear from the sword of the enemy', while 'their property rights are even held sacred.'

In the making of peace, as in the waging of war, the practice of the eighteenth century approached closely to the principles defined by Vattel. One result, as he pointed out, was that nations were encouraged to sue for peace before they were 'reduced to the last extremity', thus curtailing the devastation and loss for both sides. A further result was that such a negotiated peace tended to have more binding force in its promises than a peace dictated by the victor. For the nation which bid for peace did so of its own will, and, if it accepted the terms proposed by the other side, was in the position of 'freely choosing' to agree to them—instead of being helpless to continue the struggle. It was thus less inclined to feel resentment, and more inclined to observe the treaty conditions. In contrast, the nation that is forced to accept a peace imposed after complete defeat naturally feels no obligation to respect the treaty a moment longer than it needs.

Gradually, during this period, the violence of warfare was being curbed by the growth of more reasonable conceptions and more humane customs. These, in turn, were being developed into accepted rules of warfare, with strengthened retaining power. The improvement between 1648 and 1788 was so remarkable as to open up a prospect that the progressive limitation of war, by its formalisation, might pave the way for its elimination.

That prospect was shattered by the French Revolution and the new crop of wars it produced —wars in which the sense of limitation and moderation was lost. Throughout these years, the leaders of Revolutionary France were led on from adventure to adventure. Pursuing a mirage they became lost in a desert. That mirage arose from their dream that by a dazzling offensive crowned by decisive military victory they would secure a peace both 'glorious' and 'lasting'. As the great Italian historian, Ferrero, has pointed out: 'A glorious peace is one which impresses, excites, and wins over public opinion; a lasting peace is one which brings a solution that is better for the victor, but acceptable to the vanquished. Between the adjectives there is no connection—in fact, there is often a contradiction. The history of France up to 1814 was to be a superhuman and sterile effort to fuse these two contradictory adjectives—so easily joined together by the Directory—into a permanent reality. The glorious peace lasted only an instant each time, and a lasting peace was not achieved until Europe had resigned herself to accept a treaty that was considered to be without glory by all the signatories.'

PHILIP V, *Louis XIV's candidate for the throne of Spain. John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, needlessly prolonged the war. Thus the French rallied in sheer desperation. A lesson for today!*

When Napoleon was overthrown in 1814, the atmosphere was heated by over twenty years of fierce and devastating war, and by the memory of several broken peace treaties that provided brief interludes in the struggle. Happily for the immediate future, the peace settlement was arranged by men who had been brought up in the older school of statesmanship. They accepted Talleyrand's argument that the best prospect of lasting peace lay in basing it on the twin principles of moderation and legitimacy, as the most likely way to ensure that the settlement would be respected and order restored among the conquered and liberated peoples. In the vanquished country itself, the legitimate heir of the Bourbon monarchy was put back on the throne, accompanied by a constitution of English pattern. This having been settled, no indemnity was demanded of France, and her pre-war territory was left undiminished.

The following year, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and the French rallied to him again. Yet even then, following his final overthrow at Waterloo, the British Government successfully checked the impulse of its Allies to punish France. The peace terms were made only a trifle more severe. Although an indemnity was demanded now, it amounted to only £28,000,000. Although there was an occupation of France, it lasted only three years. Although there was some rectification of the frontiers at her expense, it was only of trivial extent. Wellington and Castlereagh saw that 'nothing would be more certainly calculated to undermine the authority of the Bourbons than a crippling loss of territory.' (H. A. L. Fisher: *History of Europe.*) The proof of their judgment is that Western Europe enjoyed fifty years of peace, while Britain has never again had a war with France.

The moderation of this peace settlement was, however, impaired by certain demands of our Allies that we could not avoid conceding—as a result of the too complete defeat of France. Russia desired compensation for her sacrifices, and claimed it in Poland. Castlereagh pointed out that this expansion westwards would become a source of anxiety to Prussia and Austria in the future, and prophesied that it would 'plant the seeds of another war.' But the Tsar gained his way, though his acquisition of the bulk of Poland was given a more pleasing appearance by constituting it a separate State under the Russian crown. Fifteen years later, after a revolt, it was definitely incorporated in Russia. Another short-sighted decision was that by which the Rhineland was placed under Prussia, partly as a compensation to her and partly as check on France. In this case, Castlereagh failed to foresee that the Prussian partner could develop into a future danger.

That risk came to be fostered, and its ultimate menace multiplied, by a new theory of war which also emerged from Prussia—in the writings of Carl von Clausewitz. Based on a logical formulation of Napoleon's practice of war, the new conception developed in a way even more dangerous to civilisation. Clausewitz started from the premise that as war was an act of violence, 'the principle of moderation' had no place in its philosophy. In principle, violence should be 'pursued to the utmost.' Both the aim and the use of force should be unlimited. In working out his argument, Clausewitz made important modifications in the thesis, reaching the conclusion that the complete overthrow of the enemy was 'rarely attained in practice', and was not 'a condition necessary for peace'. But his mode of exposition was philosophically obscure, and his disciples interpreted his theory in the more obvious sense—of carrying violence to an extreme, and conducting 'absolute', or total war. After the victories of his pupil, Moltke, in 1866 and 1870, Clausewitz's gospel in its crude form was fervently embraced by the whole military world. Through unquestioning belief in the value of absolute victory, and the reckless use of all possible resources, it has since been attained in practice more frequently—but with complete disregard for the consequences, especially the destructive effect on the subsequent state of peace.

That doctrine, accepted without understanding, largely influenced the causation and character of the First World War. Thereby it led on, all too logically, to the Second World War, which was the natural sequel to the economic and psychological conditions produced by the first.

The effect of the Clausewitzian injection can be observed in the way that in 1914–1918 the Allies came to pursue as their war-aim the utter destruction of Germany's power. But other new factors were also working to push the struggle to greater extremes than in past fights against aggression. Among these new factors was the Prussian philosophy of the master-race on the one side; the growth of democracy on the other; universal conscription on both sides; and the increased exposure of the masses to inflammatory ideas spread by new means.

The adoption of the extreme war aims was powerfully influenced by the press, as well as by propaganda, which used the enemy's misdeeds, and magnified them with many concoctions, to produce an artificial manure for the war effort. The leaders of the Allied democracies were far more subject to the surge of popular opinion than the Allied statesmen at the time of the Napoleonic war, and were thus less capable of conducting war with a view to the subsequent state of peace.

The tendency to extremes was strikingly manifested in the popular cry of 'Hang the Kaiser!'—a far more violent slogan than that which accompanied previous great wars. No one had seriously argued that Louis XIV or Napoleon should be hanged for their aggressions, despite the widespread misery caused. In the cool atmosphere of historical retrospect, it seems absurd that the Kaiser should have been regarded as a more dangerous personality, or one carrying a greater responsibility.

The history of ancient Greece showed that, in a democracy, emotion dominates reason to a greater extent than in any other political system,

thus giving freer rein to the passions which sweep a State into war and prevent it getting out—at any point short of the exhaustion and destruction of one or other of the opposing sides.

The pressures of popular passion also ensured that the peace which was made after complete victory would prove a bad peace, not only for the losers but for the victors. The British Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, showed an inclination towards moderation, like Castlereagh and Wellington a century before, but was then stiffened by a 'round-robin' telegram of protest against any leniency from 370 members of Parliament—unwitting grave-diggers for the next generation. The French Prime Minister, M. Clemenceau, lived up to his nickname of 'the Tiger', but even then was too moderate to satisfy most of his countrymen. President Wilson, though he had been a Professor of History, showed no historical sense. That was the more unfortunate since he could put the most weight in the scales.

The very fact that the losers were made to sign the peace treaty, when utterly helpless to maintain their objections, robbed it of any moral validity. The insistence on them making a formal admission of war guilt naturally meant that any sense of guilt would be swamped by the feeling that insult had been added to injury. The forfeits of home territory imposed were not exceptionally severe, but in a long view, unwise in application to a people already suffering from claustrophobia, especially when coupled with the confiscation of all its overseas colonies.

Much worse, however, was the unlimited indemnity which, in deference to President Wilson's scruples, was called 'reparation'. The French proposed a figure *one hundred and fifty times greater* than the indemnity they had been forced to pay after the 1870 war, with the idea that the impossibility of paying it would keep Germany in permanent subjection—by preventing her economic recovery, while enabling France to continue indefinitely in occupation of the Rhineland. The Americans suggested £6,000,000,000, which, though only one-fifth of the French figure, was also far beyond possibility. In the end, Germany was made to sign a blank cheque, to be filled in as the victors eventually decided. This naturally discouraged any attempt to meet her obligations, and spurred her to find a way of escape in going bankrupt, with consequent impoverishment of the more stable elements in Germany.

Another unwise condition, resulting from a compromise between the divergent Allied views, was the length of the occupation—so long by past standards as to ensure that resentment would become deep-rooted, while ending just as a new generation nurtured in bitterness was growing up. Thus it provided no real security. The bitterness was intensified in 1922 by France's seizure of the Ruhr as a 'productive pledge', an action which the British Government considered illegal under the treaty.

The Versailles Treaty had its good points, but it was fundamentally foolish in the way it defied human nature and historical experience. No specially evil nature on the part of the German people is needed to explain why the settlement did not endure. Any nation of strong spirit would have been spurred to evade and overturn such conditions. Worst of all was that the new democratic government in Germany became responsible for accepting and fulfilling the humiliating terms—as a result of the Allies' insistence that the German people must overthrow the Kaiser as a prelude to peace. Such a condition was irreconcilable with severe terms—as Castlereagh and Wellington had had the common sense to see. The result of the new Republican régime being associated with such terms was to discredit it from the start, and eventually lead to its downfall.

The chances of lasting peace were further jeopardised by the exhausting and disruptive effects of a war that had been 'pursued to the utmost.' Peace had to be made in a chaos produced by the complete collapse of the vanquished powers, accentuated by the removal of any check on the ambitions and disagreements of the victorious powers. The absolute victory that crowned an unlimited war became a crown of thorns. As Ferrero might have said, there is no connection, but often a contradiction, between complete victory and complete peace. 'The war to end wars' ended in an epidemic of revolutions that would lead to fresh despotisms and a new era of aggression—worse than before.

CONDITIONS OF PEACE, 1945

From the major peace settlements of the past, we now come to consider the conditions of the settlement with Germany after this war.

Occupation

This is a basic problem, because all the other peace conditions are dependent on it. A very long occupation (i.e. 20 years or more)—as distinct from annexation—is hardly practicable. For it is probable that some of the Allied nations will soon grow tired of maintaining such armies of occupation. That applies especially to nations distant from the scene. Their withdrawal will

upset the stability of the scheme, and probably produce discord between the powers that withdraw and those that remain, while deepening the resentment of the occupied country towards the latter.

In the present case, it is unwise to reckon on the U.S.A. being willing to maintain the occupation for more than a few years, and it is doubtful whether the British public would maintain it very much longer.

A medium length occupation (i.e. 10–20 years) tends to entail disadvantages without compensating advantages, as experience has shown.

A practicable length, and the wisest on balance, would seem to be 3–5 years—probably the shorter period.

Partition

Here, it is a waste of time to deal as a whole with the question of what is the *wisest* policy—for it has already been made clear that part of Germany's territory in the East is to be given to Poland, in compensation for the former Polish territory up to the 'Curzon Line' that Russia is re-absorbing. The only uncertainty, there, is how large a slice of Germany will be taken by Poland. The larger the slice, the more dependent the new Poland will become on Russia's support —and beyond that is the question how far her government will be allowed any independence.

The transfer of East Prussia and Silesia have been indicated as certain, and that of Pomerania and part of Brandenberg up to the Oder as probable.

In the West, France, Holland, and Belgium have all staked claims to territorial compensation. Here, again, the question is how large the slices will be. The issue will turn, not on what is ideally wise, but on how far realism controls appetite. In the mood of the moment, no argument for abstract justice is likely to prevail—and still less any plea for mercy. The only effective restraint on the peace terms will be a sense of what is practicable in the long run—from the point of view of self-interest. Victorious nations may be led to moderate their demands if they understand how excessive demands may recoil on themselves.

A widely-favoured suggestion at the moment is that the Ruhr and the Rhineland should be lopped off Germany, both as a penalty and as a precaution against further aggression. The precautionary argument is a strong one—for without the resources provided by the heavy industries of the Ruhr and Rhineland, Germany could hardly make any serious attempt to wage war. Before the war, this area produced over 80 per cent of Germany's coal, coke, pig iron and steel ingots. But when we examine the scheme more closely, many complications appear.

If this great industrial area should be handed over to any one country, the transfer would disproportionately increase that country's war-making power at the expense of others, while upsetting the commercial balance. Before long, its productive capacity would greatly exceed the consuming capacity of the nation which acquired it. The consequent need for a much larger export outlet could easily lead to serious friction, both internally and externally. It would foster an expansionist foreign policy on the part of the country that acquired this great productive area.

It is true that there are possible ways of meeting this awkward problem, but they do not look very promising. One way would be by the deliberate restriction of the productive capacity of the Ruhr and Rhineland. This would inevitably create there mass unemployment, starvation and misery as a permanent condition. It would hardly be the way to reconcile the people to the new régime. It would turn the area into a festering sore. At the same time, it would deprive the European countries in general of one of their biggest productive assets, that might otherwise be invaluable both in helping their reconstruction and in promoting their ultimate prosperity. Bombing has temporarily damaged this European asset. To destroy it permanently would be like 'cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.'

A better solution would be that of enlarging the economic unit in which the Ruhr and Rhineland were incorporated—through creating a Federation, or at least a Customs Union, which would embrace all the countries of Western Europe. This would establish a consuming area more capable of absorbing the products of the Ruhr and Rhineland—without indigestion. But a first question is whether the various nations of Western Europe are capable of merging their separate interests and individualities in such a combination; and a further question is whether Russia could be persuaded to accept its formation.

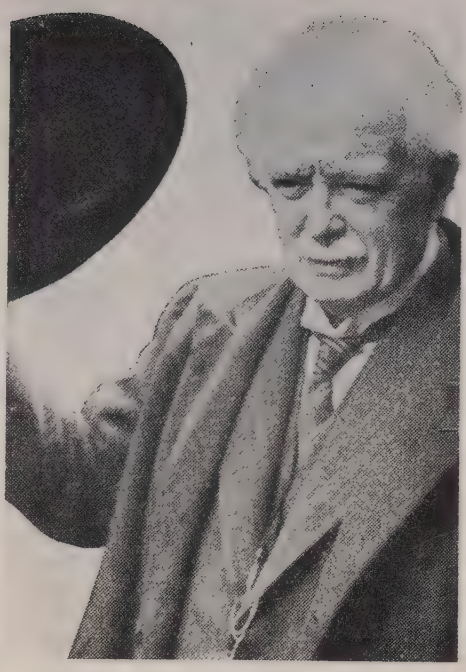
Similar reflections apply to the alternative proposal to Constitute the Ruhr and Rhineland as an independent State. To make such a super-industrialised State workable as an economic unit, it would have to be specially favoured both in reconstruction facilities and in tariff arrangements—at the expense of other countries. Such treatment might perhaps reconcile the people of the Ruhr and Rhineland to their forcible separation from Germany. But it would have an ironical effect—fantastic in a new kind of 'Ruritanian'

way. In order to penalise Germany the Allies would have to penalise their own peoples for the benefit of the German peoples! Yet it is difficult to see any other practicable way of making such as eparate Ruhr-Rhineland State economically workable except by merging it with the neighbouring countries—France, Belgium, and Holland as a minimum—in a West European Customs Union, or Federation.

It remains to consider other ways of carving up Germany. At first sight there seem to be advantages in the suggestion of re-dividing her into a number of smaller States corresponding to the former kingdoms of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, and also perhaps splitting Prussia into its earlier components. But such a collection of small States would of necessity have to find a working economic basis in some form of Customs Union, and that in turn would foster the tendencies towards re-integration in a fresh *Reich*. Such tendencies could only be counteracted, and its natural result averted in the long run, by creating a general West European combine—in which the several German States would be merged with, and balanced by, the surrounding states.

A bolder suggestion for dealing with the German problem is that of dividing up the whole of German territory and people among her neighbours, in such a way that each of them absorbed a roughly equal share. This appears a very drastic scheme, yet in some respects might offer her people, as individuals, a more tolerable future than life in a severely compressed Germany, shorn of its industrial areas on the east and west flanks. Such a complete partition would be the most effective way of disposing of the potential menace latent in any future revival of Germany's national power. It would mean an enlargement of her smaller neighbours proportionately greater than that of her bigger neighbours, and thus improve the general balance of power in Europe. Those smaller countries have been the more peacefully inclined in modern times, so that their increase of military weight should not bring an increased risk of conflict—rather would it provide a counter-weight to that of the present bigger nations.

Nevertheless such a partition plan would still carry numerous complications. The smaller countries themselves might be reluctant to take such disproportionately large mouthfuls of what might prove indigestible elements. They might also have more reason to fear that the result would upset their own economic system and political stability. Moreover, it is not easy to design such a geographical partition in an economically



LLOYD GEORGE'S *moderate terms for Germany were overthrown by the Tories. Another lesson!*

suitable pattern. For the more industrialised small neighbours in the west adjoin the more industrialised portions of Germany. Once again we are brought back to consider the possibility of a solution by economic union and political federation—since both the handicaps and the risks could be minimised in such a merger. But recognition of its balance of advantage has to be accompanied by recognition of the difficulties of bringing it to birth.

Reparations

Beyond the various problems of partition lies that of reparations. Here the lesson of past experience should be a warning—of the folly of immoderation. Extreme demands not only discourage any attempt to meet obligations, but play into the hands of the extremists within the conquered nation. Yet the same nonsense about making Germany pay is being talked today as in 1919, and similar astronomical figures are mooted—such as the equivalent of £1,000,000,000 a year for twenty years—with only the partial difference of payment *in kind*. It is worth recalling what happened before—the attempt to drain off Germany's resources being followed by an effort to pump in fresh resources in the hope of getting a little more out of her. This time we

are faced with the worse problem of applying the squeeze to a country whose economic system has been seriously damaged, and whose industrial plant has been devastated by wholesale bombing. Heavy impositions in the way of reparations are likely to drive the defeated people from bad to worse, but it is hard to see how they can bring the victorious peoples any real good.

Re-education

If this is visualised as a form of 'artificial feeding', it seems a crazy notion—contrary to all experience of human reactions. Only the subtlest methods of indirect approach would promise success in *planned* re-education.

Fortunately, there is greater promise in the *unplanned* effects that have already taken place. The elements that would have been most difficult to re-educate have been largely eliminated. A very high percentage of the ardent Nazis of the younger generation have been killed in action—though men taken prisoner earlier will be a problem. For the bulk of the nation the immense sufferings of the last year or so should prove the most effective form of re-education—in the light of past experience of wars.

On the other hand, the more that the defeated people are made to suffer after they ceased fighting, the more the effect of 're-education by war' is counteracted. They blame their suffering, not on their folly in going to war, but simply on their hard luck in being defeated. That is another lesson of experience.

Disarmament

It is far from certain that the complete disarmament of a defeated nation is a wise policy on balance, in the long run. But it seems certain that the policy is going to be executed, so it is of no use to debate its wisdom.

At the same time it is worth touching on some lessons of past experience. We enforced a very drastic disarmament of Germany after the last war. Although there were numerous evasions, naturally, they were really of a petty kind and amounted to no serious danger. At the time Germany openly threw off the restrictions, her actual progress towards renewed strength was relatively slight. In retrospect, it can be seen that an important result of her enforced disarmament after the last war was to free her from an accumulation of obsolete weapons, which the victorious nations preserved—consequently overrating their own real strength.

Another dubious step on the victors' part—which they are again proposing to repeat—was the suppression of the German General Staff. If it had been left above ground in its War Ministry, it might have remained as burdened by forms and routine duties as the other General Staffs. By driving its members underground, they were forced to concentrate on constructive thinking and research—and thus became more efficient for *war*. In sum, the net effect of the sweeping disarmament of Germany after the last war was to clear the path for a more efficient modernisation of her forces when the *political* opportunity for rearmament came.

Conclusion

This brings me, in conclusion, to the root of the matter. It is essential to realise that Germany only regained strength to engage in another war because the victorious nations came to disagree among themselves. But that is what usually occurs. When a Great Power is knocked out, the general Balance of Power is upset, and rivalries among the others are apt to become keener. Victory easily turns allies into enemies—as in the cases of Italy and Japan, who were members of the victorious combination in the last war. The rivalry between France and Britain brought them dangerously close to conflict in the years immediately following the war, and although war exhaustion happily applied a brake, the political conflict did in fact pave the way for the revival of Germany's power and menace.

Today it seems to me that disproportionate attention is devoted to the problem of nullifying Germany's power. The war itself has solved that problem—for a long time ahead. Much closer at hand is the problem of preventing rivalry between the victors.

The war has weakened most of the European countries, including our own, but it has greatly developed the power and potential of the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. The very elimination of Germany's power inevitably increases the risk of a clash between them. That is intensified by the difference between their economic systems and political ideas. Placed between two such colossal powers, there is an obvious danger that the countries of Western Europe—including Britain—may become the jam in the sandwich. They are economically tied to America, but strategically close to Russia. In such a situation it is very difficult, under modern conditions, for States that are much smaller in scale to maintain an effective independence as friendly 'middlemen'. The lot of buffer-states is apt to be a hard one. A barrier is only effective and secure when it is big enough. That is another argument in favour of *federation*—if it can be managed.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MIHAILOVICH? (IV)

BY A BRITISH OFFICER WITH THE COURAGE TO CONTRADICT TITO'S LIES

This article is dedicated to those Serbian peasants whose good hearts I depended upon for my very existence as an escaped prisoner and a hunted man.

To those Serbian officers and soldiers with whom I had the honour of serving as a guerrilla operating behind the German Lines in the Serbian districts of Yugoslavia.

To those Serbian patriots with whom I served in various political and criminal prisons and in the cellars of the Gestapo, and finally

To all Serbians who are with me today in London and with whom I shall spare no effort in assisting in their struggle for *real liberation.*

3 *July* 1945 MAURICE VITOU

CAPTAIN VITOU

I WAS *captured in Crete. While in a prisoners' train passing through Yugoslavia, I leapt from the train.*

I was not injured after my jump from the train except for a sprained elbow and a bruise over the right eye.

* * *

I then left my place of concealment and proceeded along the main road. A German staff car, in which sat four officers, passed without stopping. I ran up the hill to the house and entered the farmyard. A man, a woman and another man in uniform, whom I thought at first was a Bulgarian soldier, were in the yard. I did not know one word of the Serbian language and said in English, 'I am an English officer. I have escaped from the Germans. Will you please give me some water?'

All were amazed, but they beckoned me to sit down and then brought a jug of milk, soup, bread, cheese and cream. The man in uniform, who proved to be a policeman, went home and returned with a suit of civilian clothes which he gave me. That night I slept in the 'Guest Room' of the house. I lived in this house for about five days. It was on the main road, and through the window of my room I was able to see Germans passing. The house was situated approximately five miles south of the town called Kraljevo lying between the main railway line and the River Morava, in the district known as Shumadija in Central Serbia.

On the sixth day the owner, a man whose name sounded something like 'Aladin', informed me that it was perhaps dangerous for me to remain in the village so close to the German occupying troops and suggested taking me up into the mountains where he had other property. We rode together the next day some thirty-five kilometres into the mountains south-west of Kraljevo.

I remained in hiding here for a month. The peasants were very good to me. Once I received a letter by hand. It was worded in the following manner: 'Dear Friend, We have heard of your hiding in Serbia. Would you care to join us, Serbian officers and soldiers, in our free mountains. A friend will lead you to us.' It was unsigned.

Towards the end of August 1941, a man came to the peasant's house in which I was living. He was an Australian Lieutenant who had escaped from the same train as myself, but from a different wagon, and earlier in the morning. His name was Ronald Jones, and, I believe, of the 9th Division A.I.F. He had been directed to me by peasants.

With a peasant as guide we proceeded along the Morava, re-crossing clear of the town. Passing through a village on the main road north of Kraljevo we were halted by armed men. They loaded their rifles and levelled them at us. They were dressed in the uniform of the Yugoslavian Army and in addition wore beards and crossed bandoliers of ammunition. Our guide explained to them that we were Englishmen, escaped prisoners of war. Their hostile attitude immediately changed, and they shook hands and were very friendly. They took us into a café and supplied us with drinks.

Our guide told us that these men were Serbian soldiers who had eluded capture after the German invasion of Yugoslavia. He further explained that they had re-organised their forces in the mountains and had commenced to attack German garrisons and lines of communication. Already, apparently, they had cleared a

large area of Serbia. This was the first we had seen of the Serbian Guerrillas. They had full control of the district through which we were passing. We were only a mile or so from the heavily garrisoned town of Kraljevo.

Very soon we met Colonel Draja Mihailovich. The date was about 30 September 1941. We were the first Englishmen in this war to contact in person this recognised leader of the Serbian Patriots.

* * *

Lieut. Colonel Pavlovitch took down a huge wall map and pointed out to us the areas they had liberated. At that time these areas were mostly in Serbia and S.W. Bosnia. We were then taken to the wireless station. It was primitive but effective, and the operator told us that he was in contact with Malta. He sent a message to the British Authorities to the effect that we had escaped from German hands and were serving with the Patriot Army in Yugoslavia.

We remained at Ravna Gora, the Headquarters of Draja Mihailovich, for about two weeks. Major Vasitch, the Security Officer, questioned us and our history was recorded. We were issued with passes signed by the Commandant.

We were amazed to find everything so well organised. Near the H.Q. was a camp for about 200 German prisoners—prisoners of war in their own occupied territory. They were treated in accordance with the Geneva Convention relating to prisoners of war. The Chetniks told us that their own men who fell into German hands were shot. We witnessed new German prisoners being interrogated.

The Chetniks had constructed an aerodrome in the vicinity of Ravna Gora. Day and night ground signals were placed out and airmen stood by. They told us they were expecting British aeroplanes to land with arms. During our stay here no British aeroplane was even seen.

On 13 October 1941, there was a severe snowstorm and it was extremely cold. We were at the time poorly clad, and so decided it would be wiser to move out of the mountain area into the valleys. We had permission from Col. Pavlovitch to move to a village five miles from the Ravna Gora Headquarters. It was a cold and unpleasant journey on foot.

At a large house in the village a dinner was given in our honour. Later Colonel Mihailovich arrived. Serbian National songs were sung. It was always apparent that the 'Commander' was a popular man beloved by the soldiers, the villagers and, in fact, the whole Serbian people. About this time I was given the name of Milovan Petrovitch, and my friend Jones, Radovan Radovitch.

The next day we reported to Colonel Mihailovich's office and he informed us that a town nearby had recently been liberated and asked if we would like to live there. We replied that we would. Draja Mihailovich then gave us the equivalent of £40 in Serbian dinars. While waiting here a man was brought in, suspected of collaborating with the Germans. He was struck in the face and taken outside. We did not know his fate.

Colonel Mihailovich told us that the town in which we were to live was held by both 'Chetniks' and 'Partisans'. It appeared that they had come to an agreement to overlook political differences at the moment, and as a temporary measure work together. He added, in the event of the Germans attacking or re-taking the town, we could come back to the Ravna Gora mountain area.

The following morning we were informed that the 'enemy' (Chetniks) had been driven from the town. Later we learned that they had withdrawn and dug in on the outskirts of the town. Then we walked through the streets wearing the Royalist Cockade in our caps. We were arrested and taken to prison. We waited in the reception office all day to see the Commandant. He did not arrive. We complained of our treatment, and later some harlots whom they had arrested were turned out of their cell, and we were told that we must sleep there the night. Again we complained, and eventually we were permitted to go home, after promising to report the next day.

Next morning a Partisan Guard came and took us to the office of the Political Leader. He spoke good English. He commenced asking us questions. He said, 'We cannot understand you two Englishmen. As soon as you came to our town you completely ignored us and your sympathies were obviously with the other side—the Chetniks. You have lived with Chetnik families. You are always in the company of Chetnik officers and soldiers. Why is this? We are your friends and Allies.'

We answered, 'We contacted the Chetniks first. We were brought to this town by them. We have been made welcome by all those who sympathised with the followers of Draja Mihailovich. They are in the majority. The Partisans on the other hand, have, on all occasions, either steered well clear of us or we have been under suspicion as agents. You are all Serbs and we have but one common enemy—the Germans. We are soldiers, escaped prisoners, and depend upon the goodness of your hearts for our daily existence. We are not politically

minded. The Chetniks are soldiers fighting for the same cause as ourselves. It was only right and natural that we should follow the Chetniks.'

The Political Chief appeared satisfied and said something about perhaps it was partly their fault. He asked us how we were going to live now that our Chetnik friends had been driven out and the town was under another régime. We replied that we did not know. He then told us to send in to their Quartermaster's Store a list of commodities we required. This we did, drawing rations in kind and cooking at home. But a few days later we were informed by a Partisan that if we failed to give the Communist salute we would receive no bread. We replied that we were soldiers and knew only one form of salute.

* * *

The town of Cacak was now under a new régime. A red flag with the five-pointed star was hoisted in the market place. Later, the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes also appeared, but a little smaller.

We were given our liberty but were told that we must not leave the town without permission. House-to-house searches were conducted. Propaganda entertainment was enforced. The inhabitants told us that they were considerably better off when the town was under German occupation.

* * *

On one occasion we were at the professor's house and a group of Partisans entered to make a search. As they were leaving one asked the professor what the Englishmen thought of the new régime. He answered that they would rather reserve their opinion until later.

Later German tanks and artillery commenced to shell the town. We took cover in a cowshed until there was a lull in the firing. We then proceeded in a northerly direction. We learned afterwards that the German armed forces were actually at the railway station about a quarter of a mile away before our inglorious retreat from the town.

About three miles away we stopped at a peasant's house, the address of which the professor had given us, and remained the night. The following morning we again started off towards the north. After having travelled about ten miles, a motor lorry overtook us. It was full of Chetniks—wounded and nurses. We clambered aboard and were driven to the village held by these troops and which we had left six weeks previously (Brajice).

Conditions were not quite the same now. We went to the Commandant's Office, where the Chetniks inquired about our experiences with the Partisans. In our absence a single British plane had dropped some arms and ammunition. We went in and inspected them. The whole issue consisted of only some old Italian light guns with ammunition captured in the first Libyan Campaign. Not a very interesting nor useful collection. I believe one English rifle would have been more appreciated, simply because it would have been 'English'.

On 25 December 1941, it was not the Serbian Christmas, but Draja Mihailovich had a special dinner in our honour. We sat at the head of the table on each side of the General. His Staff officers were in attendance. We drank toasts to the victory of the Allies.

General Mihailovich was a quietly spoken, unassuming man, with great strength of character and a strong personality. He had, as had all his men and the people of Serbia, an almost fanatical devotion to England. I cannot speak too highly of General Draja Mihailovich and his followers. They always showed the highest morale, in spite of the military situation at the time. Ronald Jones was of exactly the same opinion.

* * *

One day towards the end of the year a warning came through that either German troops or Nedich troops were in the vicinity on a village-to-village search. We were obliged to hide in the woods all day.

On one occasion I remember a peasant of the house in which we lived being detailed to go on some message which involved passing through enemy-occupied districts. He complained that he was not in possession of a *legitimacia* (passport). Draja Milhailovich drew out his Luger pistol, saying, 'This is my passport. If it is good enough for me then it must be good enough for you.' He had no sympathy for the faint-hearted.

Towards the end of February 1942 we were again caught in a house. A youth entered crying, 'Ljotich's troops are looking for the Englishmen.' We had no time to leave the house, and were obliged to hide in the ceiling. Through cracks in the roof we watched the troops searching from house to house. We came down when they had departed.

The next day we received a note from Colonel Pavlovich explaining that arrangements had been made to take us to another village, as it was considered dangerous both for us and the peasants in this area. The name of the village was, I believe, Gucha, lying some forty kilometres

south of the now-occupied Chachak. It was in the opposite direction to which I wanted to go, and so we arranged to meet later when the snow had gone and guerrilla warfare re-started. We parted. I did not see Lieut. Jones again.

I proceeded north, and after eight hours' walking came to a village called Ba. I was not known here, but I met a Chetnik in a café and he arranged sleeping accommodation for me that night.

The next day I was given an escort and they took me to the next town called Kadina-Luka. I was taken and left in a peasant's house lying off the main road. Apparently my escort had not explained my identity to them. There was a radio in this house, a most unusual thing in a peasant's house in Serbia. I was wearing my new national clothing which, incidentally, was the undress uniform of the Chetniks.

I asked them in Serbian if I could listen to the London news in English. They were surprised that I should make such a request, and said, 'You are the first Serb we have ever seen who understands the English language.' I then explained my identity.

While staying here we were attacked by Partisans, and having no desire to fight against Serbs, I left my unit and returned to Babaich-Ljig. In a few days' time a Chetnik warned me that the Ljotich troops were coming and were looking for the Englishman. I then proceeded to another small town west of Kadina-Luka. Upon entering this town I was stopped by sentries. They were wearing the traditional national clothes of the country. I said to them, '*Ja sam englez*' (I am English)—the magic password. But on this occasion, the first time during my nine months in Serbia, it did not work quite so easily. I was taken to a sort of guardroom and questioned. I produced photographs of myself in British uniform. They were surprised and appeared uneasy.

THE GESTAPO

I looked round the office a little dazed. The S.S. men appeared efficient and were immaculately turned out. I was beckoned to sit down. A little later I was taken out and led down into the cells. In the guardroom I was searched. Among the things they found on me were passes signed by General Mihailovich and by the Partisans. They said, 'You are finished', and drew their fingers across their throats.

Later I was taken to my cell. It was one of a row in a narrow corridor and nearest the guardroom. My cell measured six feet by four feet and had no window. It contained nothing but a board for sleeping. The steel door was locked and barred and I was in complete darkness. I had the impression of being walled in.

I had been in the hands of the Gestapo five months and nine days, mostly confined in cellars without windows or light and, except for occasional scraps, fed on one plate of watery soup and a quarter pound of corn bread once a day.

* * *

Walking through the streets of Belgrade, I was warned that if I attempted to escape I would be shot immediately. We turned left, passing Ratnichki-Dom, my first place of incarceration, and went in the direction of what I thought was the railway station, but we turned off into a building and entered an office.

I looked out of the window and to my dismay saw a courtyard, walls and barred windows. Another prison. The Gestapo men left. Once again my description and particulars were taken. I was taken to the guardroom. They were all army men here. Apparently I had finished with the Gestapo or they had finished with me.

The guard showed me some illustrated papers containing pictures of the Dieppe raid the previous month. The N.C.O. said, 'British organisation—chaotic.' I was searched here and waited about two hours. Looking through the window I observed the girls walking around on exercise, and recognised one as the Czech who had once given me food in the Gestapo prison.

* * *

I was led upstairs along a corridor and ushered into a room. It was a bright clean room with sixteen double-bunk beds neatly made with sheets. Some men were sitting at a table, some were lying on the beds. I had not eaten for thirty hours and said, '*Ja sam Englez i ja sam gladan*' (I am an Englishman and I am hungry). A crowd gathered round. Someone produced some food. The first thing I saw was a large onion which I ate like an apple. I ate my fill of bread, cheese and fruit.

I learned that I was in the Uprava Grada Belgrade prison, controlled by the *Wehrmacht*. I was in the room reserved for the 'élite' and more wealthy prisoners. We were locked in all day and were given half an hour's exercise at 10.30 a.m. round the yard.

* * *

The next day we left Belgrade, crossing the Danube into Croatia. It was a fast through train to Germany. As soon as it was dusk, I went to the lavatory and hurled myself from the train.

I do not know how long I remained unconscious. I came to my senses and found myself about ten yards from the rail track. My head was covered with blood and I felt a wound about three inches long over my right temple. I thought I had better have medical attention.

I saw a house in the distance and approached it. The house had a fence all round and I was unable to find the gate.

It was very dark. Eventually I found the entrance, but was attacked by a ferocious dog. I left the house and walked, perhaps unwisely, along the railway line.

I saw what appeared to be another house in the distance and proceeded in that direction. I was stopped by two armed men whom I knew to be Croatian Ustashi. I was wearing my Serbian national clothes.

The Ustashi took me on to a train and we got out at Mitrovica. They then handed me over to the Germans at the station. A steel-helmeted German officer with a drawn pistol took me in charge and took me to the gaol. I was taken to the guardhouse, searched, and then surrounded by Germans who fired questions at me.

They said that I was an agent dropped into Yugoslavia. My new peasant clothes and knowledge of Serbian bore this out. One *Volksdeutscher* yelled and shouted at me for ten minutes within an inch of my face, finally spitting on my cheek.

They then proceeded to tie me up. My hands, arms, feet and legs were bound. I could not move an inch. I was carried into a cell and the door was locked. During the night a doctor came and bandaged my head. I spent a most uncomfortable night in terrible agony.

The following day my legs only were unfastened and I was led out. I was marched round the town of Mitrovica on exhibition on the end of a length of rope. People seeing my Serbian clothes and bandaged head cried, '*Razboynik!*' (bandit). Small children threw stones. I was taken from one street to another, finally being marched back to prison and given some bread.

The next day I was taken to the town of Ruma, where exactly the same procedure was carried out. At the end of the day it appeared as though they were at a loss as to what to do with me. The novelty of this sport seemed to have worn off. They took me to an office and there they seemed to receive some instructions.

* * *

I was marched out to a yard at the rear where a party of soldiers stood with rifles. I was then placed against a wall and the Germans pointed their rifles at me. An N.C.O. ordered them to fire and they pulled the triggers. Their rifles were not loaded and only clicked. My pale face caused them much amusement.

On the third day I was put in a cattle-truck with a guard. We went back to Belgrade. At the station I was collected by the Gestapo and locked in a 'black maria'. At the end of the ten-minute drive the van stopped and I was told to get out. My arms were still tied.

I looked up and immediately recognised the tall building of the S.S. H.Q. whose glass doors I had broken several months before. I was taken to the office and made to stand facing the wall with other criminals. Eventually I was taken below to the familiar row of windowless cells. I remained in complete darkness for five days. On the sixth I was taken upstairs for interrogation. It was the same officer sitting at the desk, and the same girl by her typewriter.

The S.S. were very angry, but appeared to be pleased that it was from the *Wehrmacht* I had escaped and not the Gestapo. (There was no love lost between the Secret Police and the Army.)

I was handed from the Gestapo to the *Wehrmacht* and once again found myself in Uprava Grada Belgrade Prison. The Staff Sergeant who had been friendly before, laughed at my reappearance and almost patted me on the back, but thought better of it and placed me in a cell with poor, dirty peasants as a punishment, instead of in the bright room above.

It was not pleasant at all there. It was November and very cold.

Early in December 1942, while on exercise marching round and round the yard, the dust cart entered and rubbish was put in. It was in such a position as to block the view of the sentry at the gate and also, providing that he did not move, of the N.C.O. in charge of us. I worked my way to the back of the column and as the prison gate was opened to let out the dust-cart I jumped in the back and quickly pulled stinking garbage over myself.

The cart left the prison. After about five minutes I was about to get out in the street but deemed it advisable to stay until it reached perhaps the destructor.

Eventually the cart pulled up and I heard gates open and close. I cleared away enough rubbish to look out. The building appeared vaguely familiar and to my dismay I realised that I was at the H.Q. of the Gestapo. I pulled the rubbish over myself again, but was seen by the S.S. sentry, who gave a shout, and with the help of another I was quickly hauled out.

I had merely transferred myself involuntarily from one prison to another. I was taken back the same day and placed in solitary confinement for two weeks.

* * *

During my time there several officers from the so-called British Military Missions caught in Yugoslavia arrived. Not one single one of them sympathised with the Serbian people. All were entirely ignorant of the language.

None had seen General Mihailovich in person, and all had sent back, not exactly the truth, but information that was 'required to be sent back' at the time in accordance with the 'political situation'.

Over the secret radio I heard how we had ceased to support General Draja Mihailovich—and a man by the name of Tito was now the recognised leader of the Yugoslav resistance movement.

* * *

I made several attempts to escape from Oflag 4C, but for reasons I am not at the moment prepared to state will not describe here.

I was released by the Americans on 16 April of this year.

LONDON

At the end of April I went to the Serbian Orthodox Church in Lennox Gardens. Staying in this house was a Serbian priest and two officers, former followers of Draja Mihailovich. A supper was given in my honour. Tito has declared General Draja Mihailovich a 'War Criminal' and his government has ordered all Yugoslav citizens, soldiers, officials and diplomats in exile to return and submit to its rule, a rule not of their choice. This return means submission or execution.

I spoke to these officers for a long time. They had no thought of 'self', only of their King, their country, the people and their leader Draja Mihailovich. They told me that if the people of Yugoslavia were content under the new régime then they would be satisfied, although they themselves were finished.

In a few days' time 'Victory Day' was celebrated in Europe, but not by these men who had made so many sacrifices for the Allied cause, who had fought not for territory, or for plunder, but for their very existence and their King.

These officers were unable to obtain ration cards and were apparently obliged to do odd jobs for a living. My mind travelled back to the days when, as a hunted man, these people had fed, harboured and given me their very beds, and often the price paid was death, imprisonment or homes burned to the ground. I could not but contrast the hospitality of the two nations. One small, poor, occupied—the other rich, powerful, victorious. I then, perhaps somewhat naturally, made a rash statement, and said: 'Do not worry; my country is not aware of the truth. At least I will be able to help you.'

At the beginning of May I reported to the office of the Yugoslav Military Missions, a branch of the War Office, and was informed that they were about to disband and that there was now no object in further pursuing the case of General Mihailovich. Everything had worked out very satisfactorily for us.

Later, whilst walking along Piccadilly I came to the Yugoslav Relief Fund Centre. It was closed down. The windows were dirty. Peering through, I saw displayed the national costumes that I knew so well. There were pictures of the country and the people. Hanging on the wall was a picture of King Peter II—the boy King who had defied the German hordes when England stood alone. Above this picture was suspended the familiar national double-headed eagle, a replica of which I had been so proud to wear in my cap three years before in far-away Shumadija: that emblem of Freedom and Democracy. The place was closed—a thing of the past.

Three hundred yards down the road in Piccadilly Circus a loud-speaker blared. It came from an establishment set up as Liberated Yugoslavia. In the window was displayed a huge photograph of General Alexander with 'Marshal' Tito. Inside, needless to say, little if nothing national was displayed. Only the domineering photograph of 'Marshal' Tito, atrocity pictures taken in Serbia, Bosnia and Croatia. Placards describing how the Germans had incited the Chetniks to attack the Croats, and further maps and notices explaining away the 'Trieste Problem'.

I asked a young lady at the counter, 'Should not General Mihailovich be here instead of Tito?' She replied automatically: 'Mihailovich and his Chetniks are collaborators and traitors. We have evidence from reliable sources.' She

brought a book, and before she opened it I knew what she was about to show me. The only piece of evidence which appears to show that Mihailovich's forces collaborated with the enemy—a photograph showing Italian officers reviewing Chetnik Troops—yes, *Chetniks of Kosta Pechanic.* The same who had handed me over to the Gestapo three years before. I also knew only too well how reliable the sources of information had been.

I thought again of my Chetnik comrades and the promise I had made.

Later I learned that all Royalist Yugoslavs were to be sent away from here to whatever country would accept them. It was the easiest way for us out of this 'Balkan Problem'. It will remain for ever a stigma on British justice.

When in Serbia we were not members of a Military Mission who did not understand and would not understand any country or people other than their own, and who undertook to send back information, just the information of a nature that was wanted and expected from them to meet the political situation of the time. But Englishmen who had lived and fought with the Serbs *as Serbs*, who had lived and served with General Draja Mihailovich and his Chetniks *as Chetniks*, despite the personal feelings of Military Missions, liaison officers, and Communist propagandists. Seeing them only as they really were, officers and men, intellectuals and peasants, fighting for Democracy and Freedom, and giving up all they held most dear. The battle they had to fight called for those qualities of unflinching courage and dogged self-sacrifice.

Just when the worst was over, when victory and liberty were in sight, when the fruits of measureless sacrifice were at hand, the Chetniks are condemned as traitors and collaborators by the very country they loved with almost fanatical devotion, perhaps even better than their own.

I have throughout taken a fair and unbiased view of the causes for which both Mihailovich and Tito have struggled. I have seen the effect on the peoples of Yugoslavia when their Leader and Protector, Draja Mihailovich, who had earned the loyalty of the entire population, was amongst them.

I have seen the effect on the same people under the nucleus of the present régime in the small town of Chachak—the régime that has eventually ascended to power and rule over the land against the principles for which this war has been fought, by means of terror.

My heart goes out to the brave peoples in whose country, by the chance of war, I have lived. The Germans have departed, *but Yugoslavia has not regained her freedom.*

I, a British Officer, who has lived and fought under General Mihailovich, and who was with his men in various prisons later, know the truth—General Draja Mihailovich is not a traitor. Tito must destroy Mihailovich to establish his own dictatorship.

I have mentioned Serbs and Slovenes mostly, because these are the people with whom I lived and came into contact. They were good Serbs and Slovenes, but they were also good Yugoslavs, and worked and fought in the interests, and for the freedom, of the whole of Yugoslavia.

The name 'Tito' is simply made up of the initials of the Serb-Croat translation of Secret International Terrorist Organisation (Tajna International Terroristicka Organizacia).

Josip Broz (Tito), terrorist and self-constituted 'Marshal' of Yugoslavia, around whom heroic legendary garlands have been wound, has replaced the King in this democratic, peace-loving, but politically cursed country.

Tito's Government has declared General Draja Mihailovich and his followers 'War Criminals' and 'Traitors'. (This strange 'Yugoslav Quisling' who fights the Germans when they are winning the war and collaborates with them when they are losing.)

If Mihailovich is a traitor, then the whole of the Serbian people are traitors and under the Tito régime will disappear as a nation.

If the Serbian people are traitors, then I myself am a traitor, and I am fully prepared to be tried as such by any British Court.

Now, in England, the questions arise :

1. To remain quiet and by doing so be guilty of betraying the Serbian people : or

2. To be guilty of 'indiscretion' by allowing my own countrymen to see *the real truth.*

I have chosen the latter.

(Signed)

MAURICE VITOU

8

PILLARS OF TRUE CIVILISATION

MEN WHO STAND FOR THINGS THAT ARE REALLY WORTH FIGHTING FOR

(I) SIR MAX BEERBOHM

INTERVIEW AND DRAWING BY STANLEY PARKER

It is most fitting that this series should begin with Sir Max Beerbohm, for it was he who, quite unwittingly, caused it to come about.

I was talking about Max Beerbohm to Edward Hulton (not surprisingly, for he is inverideed a minor obsession with me, Zuleika Dobson having uprooted me from the calm of the Australian bush and transplanted me to the wilds of Oxford; bewailing the fact that, in speaking as much as in writing, the dæmon never loosens his hold by the utterance of so much as an infelicitous word; citing how, when I met him one day on his way to the Sheldonian, where he was due to collect some degree or other, he said, 'It is a flying visit; I am dipping only the very tip of my wing into the Isis; I leave on the four thirty') when——'He's almost civilised, isn't he?' said Hulton, with the gift for understatement which is civilisation's essence.

'The only one I can think of,' I replied, 'in England.'

'There *must* be others,' said Hulton. 'After all, that's what we've been fighting for! "These are what we were fighting for",' perceived the Editor in him. 'We've got a series there.'

And the caricature of Max on the wall behind us blenched a little, for he knew quite well who was destined to be first on the list. And, quite genuinely, Max dislikes publicity.

He may have announced to the press in 1895: 'I am writing a treatise on "The Brothers of Great Men", which will include, of course, my brother Mr. Beerbohm Tree', but I think he has never given an interview since, and when, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday (or it may have been at the time of his knighthood) he rightly suspected that a little limelight might be turned on to his cottage in out-of-the-way Abinger, he discreetly decamped for a day or two, and let it bask its fill untenanted.

There is nothing mock about his modesty—'To give an accurate and exhaustive account of that period,' he is capable of writing (of the year 1880), 'would need a far less brilliant pen than mine'—but he is so much a trafficker in art that he knows how comparatively pedestrian a business is life.

Not *all* lives. . . . He has the intellectual's rather pathetic admiration for the man of action, and speaks quite wistfully of the obstacles to be surmounted, the conflicts to be resolved, the ups and downs of a life 'such as Winston's, don't-you-know.' Sometimes, he admits, even a writer's life can hold a certain amount of interest. 'If he receives no recognition when he is young, or is recognised but violently attacked, and then becomes a stupendous success—that may be very interesting.' (He has a predilection for the word 'rather'; 'The labour I set myself is rather Herculean.') 'But if a writer has an immediate little success, and that little success goes on, year after year, on quite a little scale—that kind of life does not make good reading.'

Max Beerbohm had his 'immediate little success' as a writer when he was still up at Merton, with the publication, in the first volume of *The Yellow Book*, of his 'Defence of Cosmetics', though, judging from some exercise-books which a contemporary of his, Sir Farquhar Buzzard, treasures, he had had an equally immediate 'little success' as an artist a few years before at Charterhouse. Since then, even Sir Max himself will grant, he has 'never looked back.' 'But only,' he qualifies immediately, 'because my past was so very uninteresting!'

You can't tell me that. You can't tell me that his life has not been quite as perfect as any of the sentences he labours so lovingly over before painstakingly transcribing, in that fine feathery infinitesimal hand of his which is the basis, I suggest, of his delusion that his talent, too, is tiny. What does it comfort a man that he has written the plays of Shakespeare, if they are written so small he can't see them?

From Oxford he went to live in a little eighteenth-century house facing the Park, from the door of which he kept the wolf by a series of dramatic criticisms for the *Saturday Review*. From here he went to Rapallo, contriving to take with him, as his wife, a quite incomparable

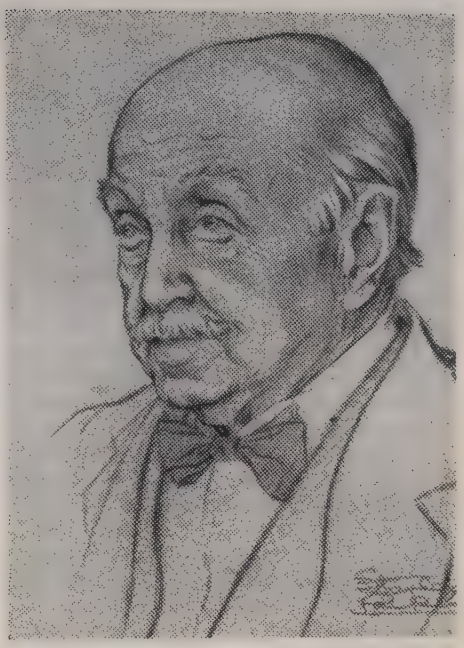
American lady whose every movement, to this moment, is full of grace.

When he returns to England, which he is apt to do whenever there is a war on, he always manages to alight on somewhere picturesque. At the moment it is Meredith's cottage, no less, to which he retires. When he comes to town for a few days, then it is to Garrick's villa, with no less illustrious an host than Desmond MacCarthy, that he needs must repair. It was here that I made the drawing, in a room built by the Adam Brothers, and decorated with medallions by Flaxman. It is the measure of his 'legend' that one cannot imagine him in an uneuphonious setting. 'Modern flats,' he says, 'are only places to commit suicide in.' But I dare swear that, should he ever be tempted to take anything so very uninteresting as his own life (which is unthinkable), he would do it against a background as fastidiously selected as any in those microcosms he drew for 'The Rossetti Circle'.

There is, of course, a very high price to pay for such an ivory tower as the one in which Max has elected to immure himself—that sense of oneness with one's fellow men—but it is a price he is only too willing to pay. He has no uncontrollable passion for his fellow creatures, *en masse* at any rate, nor can he view with anything but mild dismay the idiosyncrasies 'Films?' he says, with a slight shudder. 'Young ladies with faces twenty feet long, and lips two and a half yards broad?' of 'the age into which he has lived.'

That is John Rothenstein's phrase. It gives, I think, the surprise felt by members of the youngest generation that Max Beerbohm is still alive (to say nothing of his own!). He is, from any temporal point of view, something of a phenomenon. The eternal undergraduate for so many terms, he was a *young* undergraduate at that, an elegant Butterfly of the Hour in which one could still detect a touch of the (equally elegant) caterpillar of the hour before.

And then, suddenly, he was old, quite, quite old, older, somehow, than all the men who had been middle-aged while he was still the symbol of *jeunesse dorée*—older than Shaw. When Albert Rutherston, who knew my obsession, said one day: 'There *is* Max Beerbohm, now, if you want him', and I turned and beheld for the first time that still so dandy-ish figure with its double-breasted waistcoat and inclined-to-be-pegtop trousers, its stiff high collar and rakishly tilted hat, its *boutonière*, cane and general air of the *boulevardier*, I was quite astonished that something so frail, so ephemeral, so obviously held together by the spirit alone, should not



disintegrate completely beneath the force of anything so brazen as my stare.

Is it, perhaps, that Max is already immortal (he has even acquired, entirely effortlessly, his own 'Society', the Maximilian), and, like others who have achieved their immortality during their lifetime (I am thinking of Anna Pavlova), has dispensed with such vulgar fractions as youth and age, and is timeless at last, younger than the as yet unconceived, older—in a phrase of the moment he would quite deplore—than God?

That—the very *responsibility* of it (for a *dilettante* as conscientious as Max)—is enough to bow one's shoulders a little, you will concede; enough, even, to make one's incipient pigtail droop a shade, but—'pon one's word—it is undeniably pleasant to know one is assured of a niche in the Hall of Fame commensurate with one's achievements (one's achievements, in their turn, were always commensurate with one's potentialities) so perhaps that is why, ever and anon, one gives one's cane a (quite imperceptible) twirl, and hums a (totally inaudible) little snatch of song.

One is content. (How otherwise could one blandly regard the passing of nearly a quarter of a century without putting pen or pencil to paper once?[1]) 'And contentment can be an interesting state, don't-you-know.'

It is precisely because we *don't* know this, that most of us are still uncivilised.

[1] Except in World Review, August 1940.

SCOTTISH NATIONALISM?

ANTHONY JOHN

THE first Scottish Nationalist to be returned to Parliament has caused a slight furore. Is Scotland going to emulate the feats of her Celtic neighbour across the water and make spirited demands for Home Rule?

This isn't the first time that the Motherwell electors have thrown a rock into the political pool. At the end of the last war they elected the first Communist to the House of Commons—Newbold, who died in 1931, a Roman Catholic—before the present Communist member ever saw Westminster.

Now Dr. McIntyre is the first of the Nationalist Party to take the trip to London. I venture to prophesy he will not be the last.

His Party lacks financial strength, but it does not lack men of spirit and foresight. Many of them are young. The new Member for Motherwell is representative at thirty-one.

The growth of the Scottish Nationalist Party has been slow and tedious. It has never received much support from the mass of the Scottish people. Its usual fate was the forfeiture of a deposit whenever it dared to attempt to run for Parliament. As the war swings to a close, however, Scottish National spirit is rising. The usual political groups have provided one failure after another in Scottish affairs. Unemployment paralysed the country between wars. The young men and women who were growing up during the lean years are voting now. It is their vote which is carrying the day against the old established Parties. It is significant, not only for Scotland, but for Britain as a whole, that Motherwell was the first time the soldier's vote counted. The men who have fought for five and six years, muzzled and without ever having any say in their country's government, can now wield the strong arm of Democracy to knock the self-satisfied, platitudinous professional politicians on the skull. Motherwell has challenged Scotland and Westminster by sending in a Nationalist. This is the first perceptible breath of an awakening National spirit, and there are many signs that it is no temporary affair.

Open war on the scale of the '16' and '21' Rebellions in Ireland is not likely to flare up north of the Border. But a strong endeavour aimed at obtaining Home Rule is imminent. The methods used will be entirely constitutional, however, for the fanatics in the Scottish Nationalist Party are in a definite minority.

This faction, now divorced from the main body of the Party, stole the Wallace Sword from Stirling Castle several years ago. How warlike this faction is in the struggle against the Sassenach, however, may be judged from the fact that a very respectable Petty Officer in the Royal Navy today was one of the men who carried the sword, seven feet long, when it was stolen.

This body also made a 'pact' agreeing with, and supporting, the IRA bomb outrages in the Midlands and North of England in 1938 and 1939. One of the men now serving twenty years' imprisonment was actually born and bred in Glasgow.

These strong-arm tactics did not receive any support from the Scots people, however. They condemned the brutalism and gangsterism of the IRA as heartily as anyone. In any plea for Home Rule they are behind the political and constitutional Scottish Nationalist Party—the men and women who want an independent government functioning in Edinburgh, in collaboration with the main Parliament at Westminster. In this way the Scots feel that their Home affairs would be better managed, and they would be able to study the activities of the M.P.s at close hand, removed from wire-pulling, vote-catching Party Whips in London.

The fanatics make a lot of noise but achieve little. Their numbers are few, and they have no one who is remarkable in any way, other than hot-headed trouble-raisers. They are the rabble which cling to the skirts of any popular movement.

The more solid body of the Nationalists has the support of such men as Compton Mackenzie, Peter F. Anson—both noted authors; William Power, journalist and writer, who was defeated in the Oban by-election in 1943.

MORE INSULAR THAN THE ENGLISH!

The Clan system of their forefathers still clings in a small degree to Scots people, making them more insular than the English. Their national pride is greater, more intense, for they are closer to a race than English people. Inter-marriage has been mainly with immigrants from Ireland, i.e. Gael and Gael, thus preserving the racial instincts of small, strong, united bodies.

The claim of race when allied to Scottish Nationalism tends, in these days when political names are bandied about glibly by people with

no knowledge of their real meaning, to taint the Scottish Nationalist Party with the brand of Fascism amongst the unthinking. This was especially the case with Scottish Anglophiles when the Scottish Nationalist Party backed Conscientious Objectors at the outbreak of war. The main objection was to conscription, not voted by a Scottish Parliament. The objection was political, but it has largely disappeared. The responsible Scottish Nationalists realise that this war is fought for their benefit as much as any other minority's.

That word 'minority' is a key to the surge of National spirit now evidenced in Scotland. The Scots are a minority in Britain with approximately one-ninth of the population of England. The Scots are asking for the same consideration as other minorities.

Scottish Nationalism should not be confused with Fascist Nationalism, which is mere race worship. The Scot is too intolerant a character to brook any deprivation of his liberties as a citizen. No matter what his material position is, he never thinks himself inferior to a fellow man. Unconsciously he takes his stand on the lines of Burns:

'The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.'

The Feudal System which operated in England in the Middle Ages, and has left its mark even today in the ultra class-conscious English people, never touched the Scot. The Clan was a family where the Chief was the greatest warrior. That heritage of independence is still firm today, and the family is still the mainspring of Scottish life.

DR. ROBERT McINTYRE, *returned by working-class Motherwell as a Nationalist*

WHY MOTHERWELL?

What has made the present demand for National Rule so urgent an issue? Motherwell is a good example for study, for it is an industrial constituency, removed from the crofts and glens where National spirit would apparently be strongest. Motherwell's mountains are 'pit bings'; its trees a forest of tall blast furnace chimneys; its glens mean streets running between blocks of tenement houses; its skies are grey, murky and dismal; it possesses none of the rugged grandeur of tourist Scotland. It is a working-class town, grown around forge and foundry. And this is the town which has answered a National call, thrown this challenge to the Big Two political Parties by sending a Nationalist David to face their Goliath.

Why?

'DISPLACED GIRLS'

The story begins when Ernest Bevin (former Minister of Labour and National Service) shipped hundreds of Scottish girls to work in England—when equally important work was sitting on their own doorstep. The cry against this shifting of labour had its root in the wailing of the glens in the days of the Clearances at the end of the eighteenth century. The English politicians ignored the howl of disapproval. They made the same blunder with the Scots as they made with the Irish: they failed to understand that the Gael lives in history, exists in the present.

A more utilitarian reason: Clydeside, of which Motherwell is a part, was lauded for its shipbuilding and heavy industry. But the men and women who live and work there remembered empty shipyards and silent works after the last war. They had paid a lot in this war: in blood at Dunkirk, Crete and in Africa; in toil in factories and heavy industry. What was going to happen after the war?

Eyes turned to Prestwick. Here was an airport on the direct line from the United States and Canada. It opened the gateway to new enterprises, new industry for Scotland, fresh

opportunities for educated young men and women with a tradition of skill second-to-none behind them. Prestwick became an issue. Would the Government make use of it? That became the vital question for the Scottish people. They awaited the Government answer. 'Yes' would give Scotland a place in the post-war world. 'No' would mean more hardship; the struggle for existence of the pre-war years was too fresh in too many minds to be easily forgotten.

The Government said 'No' to Prestwick.

Motherwell has given the Scottish answer. A strongly Socialist Community, a 'safe' Labour seat, has gone National.

The future of the Scottish Nationalist Party now depends on Dr. McIntyre. If he can push Scottish affairs in the House and show that his Party means to fight for Scottish rights, he will have done much to further the cause of Nationalism in Scotland, and given a hearty send-off to the struggle for Home Rule; or, at least, a fair deal for Scotland in the New World the old Parties have promised us after the war.

ELECTRIC SCHEMES UNNECESSARY!

A new issue has arisen in Scotland with the advent of post-war problems: water power schemes. These schemes provide for the construction after the war of 102 Hydro-Electric schemes, *the majority of them possessing no great urgency, and filling no need.* They will provide high-priced electricity in the glens; but the crofters will most likely be unable to afford it. Industries are out of the question in such inaccessible parts of the country. Everything is being kept hush-hush by the Hydro-Electric Board (Scottish Water Schemes) who are responsible to the Scottish Secretary in these matters.

To English ears it may seem nonsense to turn down the chance to electrify the Highlands, but what is the sense of electric schemes covering huge areas of empty land, wild moors and rugged mountains, where few people live? Already, nearly a dozen Hydro-Electric Schemes span the Highlands, and it is claimed that their use could be considerably expanded.

It has come to light that a noted beauty spot, and one of the few fertile parts of the Highlands —Pitlochry—is to have a dam and power station constructed, thus putting under water a huge tract of land where workers from the towns and cities find relaxation in normal times.

The most widely read Sunday newspaper in Scotland, Thomson's *Sunday Post*, has given the schemes publicity, and is demanding that the Scottish Secretary, Mr. Tom Johnston, scrap these schemes, which will be of little material use, but promise to despoil and submerge the open acres where post-war workers can find rest and new strength in clean fresh air, far removed from the grime and smoke of the factories and furnaces.

This promises to become another sore point. Will the Government turn a deaf ear as they did to the protests when Scottish girls were forced South; when Scottish people appealed for the development of Prestwick air-port and new industries for the North?

If they do, then they can expect more Scottish Nationalist Party members in Westminster. Dr. McIntyre, at thirty-one, may find himself leader of a small, spirited body of enthusiasts, working independently of Party Whips and for a set purpose.

Now there is a murmur for Home Rule. It rests with the Party bosses in London whether that murmur grows in volume or not. Scots can, and will, fight verbally with the same grit and determination their famous regiments have shown in battle.

LIGHT INDUSTRIES WANTED!

If Scotland is to be a living country after the war, new enterprise is essential. Heavy industry is played out apart from war-production—which is already tailing off, but new light industries can replace the old: aircraft factories, production of plastic goods, building—on a vast scale, for the housing shortage is acute, especially in the West. In Glasgow alone it is estimated that there will be twelve married couples for every available house.

With the development of Prestwick as a trans-Atlantic airport, the Clyde presenting an ever-open doorway to the world's sea lanes, Scotland has bright prospects as an export centre —if it is developed. But if the Government turn their backs on Scotland, the Nationalist Party will be asked to fulfil the promises made during the years preceding the war. If they can provide the stimulus to bring life back to Scotland, the case for Home Rule will be too strong to be easily overcome.

The new Scotland back from the wars is vital and alive. It does not intend to lie dormant and watch the country die—die by inches—as it did in the inter-war years.

8

A LONDON LODGING HOUSE IN PEACE AND WAR

ANGELA RODAWAY

DOWNCAST, outwearied, down on one's luck and out of work, down to the dregs, out of the swim—anyway down and out, and holding the key of the street. Those words described me seven years ago.

There is always a tendency to glamourise the past, and a sweet nostalgia hides the bitterness of many experiences, in retrospect. But not that one. There is no 'home-sweet-home' feeling about that year for me.

Days were spent in the Labour Exchange and in the streets if it were fine; if wet, then steaming in the warmth of the public library reading-room. And the nights—those, mostly, in a shilling-a-night lodging house.

Now, out of season, the warm sunshine excites the birds that are nesting in the ivy, myriads of them, making a noise like a Chinese market. The swan, silently floating at the bottom of the garden, cups huge wings as though to cherish the transitory spring. A yew tree poses with dark elegance against blue porcelain sky and early flowers, crisp and motionless, flaunt the sun's own colour—yet I can still see the withered drabness of that winter and feel the chill, insinuating puddle water, welling up through the holes in my shoes and the wretched rain, for ever dropping to drip again in doorways and from window sills, and I know how it feels to stand, soaked beneath that torrent, past caring, knowing that all the inimical powers that be cannot make me wetter than I am. Then one is thankful for the lodging house.

You paid your shilling when you went in. There was a little 'Inquiries' window from the hall, but I never saw anyone use it. There was a notice, too, which said that bags or cases could be left with the matron, but I never saw anyone cautious enough to take advantage of that either. You went straight into the sitting-room and looked around for the matron who was usually sitting and talking as though she, too, were just there for the night. She was a florid-looking woman with corn-coloured hair, and when she asked you if you wanted a bed, it was in the manner of a Ceres dispensing bounty.

After that you sat down, looking as miserable and bewildered as a homeless kitten in the rain, but sunk in that congealing apathy that only humans know—a live thing deadened, a human petrifaction, calcified by perpetual deposits of anxiety out of the slow-flowing waters of life.

Nobody stared, nobody cared. Here one was ignored as completely as in the Dorchester or the Savoy Grill.

Sitting at the table, a woman, hitherto immobile, save for shifting eyes, suddenly began to move. Out of many packages, grimed over with the stony and metallic dust of street and railway, she produced a loaf, butter and a jar of marmalade, spread them before her and began to eat. I would not look.

There was commotion in the passage and a creature with brown, lambent eyes entered, indignantly.

'Pink silk they was. Matron gave them to me. Just washed 'em and put 'em to dry and they're gone. Disgusting, I call it, thieving from poor people. I'm kind, I am. I shall have to go out without any in the morning and I've never done that before. I'm respectable, I am. We haven't had no thieving here for a long time, only since certain people came. Lovely it's been.'

She continued her lament down the passage. Nobody bothered. Nobody answered her. Only the woman with shifting eyes got up and, wiping her lips on an object of pink silk, tucked in the bosom of her dress, replaced her cup through the hatchway.

A decrepit, ageing Irish woman, indescribably filthy and torn, bemoaned her ill-health. She was obviously half intoxicated. She had been obviously half intoxicated for the last fifteen years, and several times, when the resultant irresponsibility had passed the limit, she had been refused admittance to the lodging house. For this she never forgave the matron. After her polite reticence in the presence of a stranger had passed, she enlarged my vocabulary with very many words, the meaning of which I discovered later in the library of the British Museum.

In a corner, huddled together, two young girls, whose profession it was easy to guess, discussed the qualities of different magistrates with the ardour of football enthusiasts discussing the various teams.

(Once there appeared in the doorway a young, unlovely girl with straight dark hair, her face

all swollen and hot with crying. She went away again. Nobody took any notice.)

An elderly woman, so thin and weak that her body was bent perpetually in the form of a question mark, stood up.

'What have they ever done for me?' she said, with the querulousness of the ill-nourished.

'Found you a job, didn't they?'

'That they didn't,' she said, her voice trembling and the tone of it rising with the tautening of the nerves within that human mark of interrogation. 'I found it myself through looking in the paper, and I'm not beholden to anyone for that.'

Her voice shrilled to the limit of its range, cracked, and she left the room, as the flush deepened around her eyes but, like the grin of the Cheshire cat, a question remained on the air, and everything within those orange-painted walls mouthed an unanswered 'Why?'

Two people entered who, at last, succeeded in exciting an expression of interest, even pity, from one or two of the people present: one was a pale woman with parted lips and non-existent eyebrows, the other a waxen-faced little thing of six weeks old. They lived miles away in the north of England. Her husband had left her; she had no money and had come to London in search of him. But for the kindliness of the police and the existence of the lodging house, she and her child would have 'slept out'.

(The matron came in with the girl who was lingering outside. The girl crumpled against the wall and sobbed helplessly. The matron said: 'You can go to bed if you like.' The girl went. Her bed shook spasmodically nearly all night.)

A woman powdered her face at the mirror, went out. Another, with her handkerchief, dabbed up the granules of face-powder from the floor and went out too.

In the morning a white-faced girl, down too late for tea, walked round the room, draining the dregs from other people's cups, and I remembered how, the previous night, several like her had been sitting silently round the walls, worn out, famished, and hopeless at the very start of life, and I understood suddenly that I was one with them.

* * *

What had been the effect of the war on these lodging houses, and on the people in them, I wondered lately? Would they be standing half-empty? Closed down? Bombed out of existence, perhaps, as suddenly as that other life had for me been swept away?

I wondered, but needed an additional incentive before I would go and see. It came. There was a train to be caught from North London before six o'clock in the morning and no sure and convenient transport thence from my home. A lodging house, I knew, squatted behind the station. . . .

And so I stepped backwards into a world to which, years ago, I had sworn to drop from Hungerford Bridge rather than return; followed a scurrying figure through the late gloaming of double summer time into the low building with the welcome words, 'Cecil House', above the door; pushed open the inner door and entered the sitting-room. It was not the same, and I knew this as soon as the light fell on me.

A snigger escaped from one of the women whose heads turned as I entered. In my desire to look the part I had overdone it. At the basis of all 'Bohemianism' lies force of circumstance. Convention grins in the face of Bohemianism whilst poverty gives its carious-toothed, skeleton grin behind. At one time these women would have understood and been too tired and too starved to bother; now, having just escaped themselves, they could afford to smile. There were years of war and prosperity in their mirthfulness.

I paid my shilling, filled in a form, showed my identity card (no false names now), paid for my tea (that was a new thing, too) and took it. The room was packed.

'Can I get in?' I said in my pseudo-cockney to a clean little old woman on the end of a form.

'You're a damn nuisance,' she said, standing up. 'I'll draw meself up to me full height and see'f I can reach your shoulder.'

She had a son in the army. Her one-room flat had been destroyed by bombing and she now lived in the lodging house. Everything about her was spotlessly clean, scrupulously neat, and her suit-case was new. She was not satisfied with the money she was earning and said it would surprise me how easy it was for her to get jobs, although she was sixty-two.

There was one tragic figure. The only one I saw that night. She was a ward-maid in a near-by hospital, and a *protégé* of hers, a friendless Dutchman with tuberculosis, had just died. The authorities sent her a photograph of him, found amongst his possessions.

In a corner, two young girls sat huddled together discussing income-tax. Soon, half the occupants of the room had joined in.

One of the girls wrote poetry. Some of it she read aloud. It was sentimental, but the sentiments rang true and her sense of rhythm was extraordinarily good.

A woman of about thirty began to tell me a *risqué* joke:

'A woman was having quins and two girls

were born first. One of them said to the other: "Don't look now, but there are two Yanks following us.' "

She waited. I waited. She laughed. I laughed—twice. I expect the fifth 'quin' was wearing a white helmet!

In the wash-room two girls were making plans for the Easter holiday. Another was washing her hair. She washed it every night, she said, because of the fumes in the restaurant where she worked. I considered my grudging weekly shampoo and felt I was losing caste.

Yes, it was all quite different. Gone was the misery, the apathy and the despair, dirt, dilapidation and drunkenness, and the interest in the police-courts. The dull-eyed, white-faced girls were there no longer, nor the grim aspect of peace that here had made for futility. Now everyone was occupied with work instead of being preoccupied with looking for it, and I was given jam to put on my bread and margarine.

These lodging houses were started, when the need for them was very great, by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, O.B.E., author of *In Darkest London* and *Women of the London Underworld*, and founder of the 'Public Lodging House Fund', 193 Gower Street, N.W.1.

Perhaps, in another seven years, I shall wonder again about the people who frequent them and then, perhaps, I will return once more.

YES—GADGETS!

A reply to Miss Elaine Burton, Labour Candidate, South Hendon (New Kind of Domestic Workers?, 'World Review', February 1945)

EDITH MARTIN

LET me say at once that I have every admiration for the ingenuity and thoroughness which has gone to the making of Miss Burton's 'Domestic Workers' Charter'. It would be wonderful—if it ever came true. But Miss Burton herself charts the rocks on which it will founder.

The status of such work has 'somehow' to be raised; it must be made attractive. For this reason, she wishes to include in the proposed state-aided training such activities as car-driving and gardening.

Any girl so trained would be doomed to disappointment. The trouble about being a maid (by whatever name) is that the nice, interesting jobs are done by the housewife herself who, after all, has to do something, and what is left is the drudgery. It would be a very odd housewife indeed who does the washing up while her maid is driving about in the car, or doing the flowers.

In fact, it can't be done. And she gives it the final death knell in her concluding paragraph. 'They (women and girls) must have as wide a choice as possible—office, shop, factory, home ...'

Her own experience has shown that, wherever there is a choice, and even sometimes where there is none, girls simply refuse to consider domestic service. This is not just cussedness, or the existence of one or two 'bad' employers. There are sound reasons for this attitude, reasons for which I have every sympathy.

It is simply not true to say that all a girl wants is 'regular hours, a minimum wage, decent accommodation and the right to live in or out.' These may be standards which you can offer to a man, but the majority of women or girls look for quite other things in their work.

Briefly speaking, as a girl sets out on her career, she either counts on getting married, or she hopes she may, but isn't quite sure. In both cases, she wishes to use the interval to see 'Life'. In other words, make friends and have fun. In the close confines of someone else's home, this manifestly must be difficult, when the only person with whom she is in constant contact is her employer —a woman (quite a disadvantage in itself, that) usually older, and of totally different outlook and upbringing. It is clear that the varied and varying people who fill offices, shops and factories offer far more scope for sociability.

Incidentally, it is fairly drummed into a girl's ears these days that to be socially successful you have to be smart. It must have been galling to the maid—as it is to the housewife now—to see the immaculate hands, the shining hair of typists and shopgirls, when in spite of all efforts rough housework has got the better of her looks.

The question of social 'status' is, I think, closely bound up with possibilities of promotion which will concern any girl who, realising that women in this country outnumber men, wishes to provide

for all future eventualities. Here, Miss Burton suggests courses for domestic workers which should lead to 'responsible positions in hotels, holiday camps, etc.'

It seems to me unrealistic to imagine that anyone heading for such positions would start by working in a private household. Even if a start in the 'ranks' were contemplated, surely this would mean the lower regions of similar institutions where all branches of their organisation could be studied from the inside—a very valuable experience. A domestic position, on the other hand, would for this kind of training be purely a waste of time.

The fact is that in any household—barring romantic happenings of faithful service being rewarded, after sudden death, with re-marriage (which don't often happen outside the more lurid fiction)—the servant will remain the servant for as long as she can stick it. However good at her work she may prove to be, she can never become the housewife. In office, shop, or factory, she may work her way to senior positions; if sufficiently able and conscientious, she can become forewoman, manageress, and even director. But there is no future for the maid.

And it must be remembered that even a typist is senior to the office boy. It is a very human reaction to want to order somebody about, if only to release any pent-up feelings about the 'boss'. After six months or so, a little clerk can come home stating loftily that this or that is done on her instructions by a junior. Her sister, the maid, is ordered about—politely or otherwise—by the entire family from the baby upwards, with no prospect of release or advancement.

The 'Domestic Workers' Charter', excellent in itself, will not work, I am sure, because it attacks the problem from a purely material plane, while the factors that militate against this kind of work are largely psychological, inherent in the work itself and not, therefore, capable of improvement. Even before the war, the majority of domestic workers were, from the purely material standpoint, vastly better off than their friends in other employment. Initially often quite unskilled, they earned wages comparable with those of junior office or shop workers, with the difference that all their money was pocket money. In addition (free of income tax) they received accommodation and food probably far superior to anything they had known before, and certainly better than most office or shop girls could afford on their meagre salaries.

Yet, at the first opportunity, they would leave this relatively 'cushy' life, preferring to stand behind a counter or machine, or sit behind a typewriter, for eight hours a day with far less money to spend and none to save. If they did this in the hazardous and uncertain times between the wars, how much more is this going to be the case when, in due course, we shall achieve the millennium of full employment, equality for women, and sound education and opportunity for all? Once we reach this happy state of affairs, it will mean the end of domestic service.

While all this will not happen in a day, I believe, like Miss Burton, in planning for the future—the real future. I admit that the immediate position may be eased somewhat when girls are released from factories and forces, mainly because there won't be a sufficient number of other jobs. But, looking ahead, we must now plan our private lives for a servantless world.

This is not a counsel for despair. In countries with high standards of living, such as America and Canada, the average housewife has long been accustomed to doing her own work, and we have not heard many complaints, *but* that does not mean she has to slave as we British housewives have slaved during this war. She has gadgets to help her and relies on outside contractors for much of the work we struggle to do at home.

Instead of hoping for complicated charters and organisations, we should now be planning homes that contain central heating, refrigerators, washing-up machines, cake-mixers, and so on. And we should see to it that we, too, have an ample provision of day nurseries, cheap laundries, diaper services, as well as pleasant, inexpensive restaurants, *and* make up our minds to use them where available. For emergencies, there would be the 'Home Helps' scheme, already started, and—most important this—residential nurseries attached to all maternity homes.

Any money that would, at last, be spent on the hitherto much neglected married woman, had better be spent on sound, labour-saving houses and communal services of this kind than on a scheme which places far too much trust in fickle human nature, and female nature at that!

If only some of these aids were available, I myself—though a housewife and hardworked, of course—should not be sorry to see the last of the domestic worker (now only a memory). It was, I think, never a satisfactory relationship. As evacuees and their hosts now know, it is never easy to fit into someone else's household, and almost equally hard to harbour the resultant misfit.

We grumble about servants when they are there; we moan when they are not there. Let's be done with it all, and have some nice, shiny, reliable gadgets!

'B' FOR BONN!

PHILIPPA HAMPTONNE

THE Battle for Bonn has been fought, and the Germans have been beaten. Everything connected with Bonn begins with a B—even a battle. Before Hitler began to patronise the beer-garden in nearby Bad-Godesberg, Bonn was a peaceable town—a quiet, beautiful University town on the banks of the river Rhine.

Beyond it lay beech woods, and through them one came to Bad-Godesberg. Here a British Prime Minister brought his bespattered umbrella, and Hitler brooded on the Battle of Britain.

Beyond again lay Roland's Bogen, high on a hill that overhangs the Rhine, and beyond, Bingen, Bavaria and the Black Forest.

Over the river from Bonn lies Beuel, and behind it the beech-clad hills of the Siebengebirge. We once spent a night in a youth hostel on the Siebengebirge. There were sixteen of us in a room. The beds were arranged like bunks on a boat. They squeaked every time one moved. One hungry member of our party began on a bun, but the bag betrayed her greed.

We slept a broken sleep. We were beaten to the bathroom next morning by blue-clad girls with braided hair: *Bunde deutsche Mädchen* walking in bands from hostel to hostel. We breakfasted on *Brötchen* and bowls of tea.

Between Bonn and Beuel there is a bridge. On it a *Brückenmännchen,* bent almost double, smiles broadly as he boasts to the people of Beuel:

'*Bonn hat die Brücke allein gebaut.*'

Beneath the bridge go barges from Basle, steaming down the Rhine to Rotterdam.

Sometimes we bathed in the Rhine, borne down on its swift current like Olympian swimmers or battling in vain upstream.

Sometimes we boarded a boat. Once in a motley crowd we saw a boy with a *Bergstock* and Bavarian hat. Local colour, we thought, till he spoke. He was a Britisher abroad.

Yes, Bonn was a beautiful town. There were boulevards and beer-gardens, buzzing with the oft-repeated: *Bitte, ein Glas Bier.*

There was the bent old woman who sold buttermilk near a bookstall below a bridge. There were the buttons.

The buttons really have no bearing on Bonn, but they brought a breath of home. Wandering through Bonn I saw two Burberries blocking a window, and a voice from Bolton or Burnley boomed out:

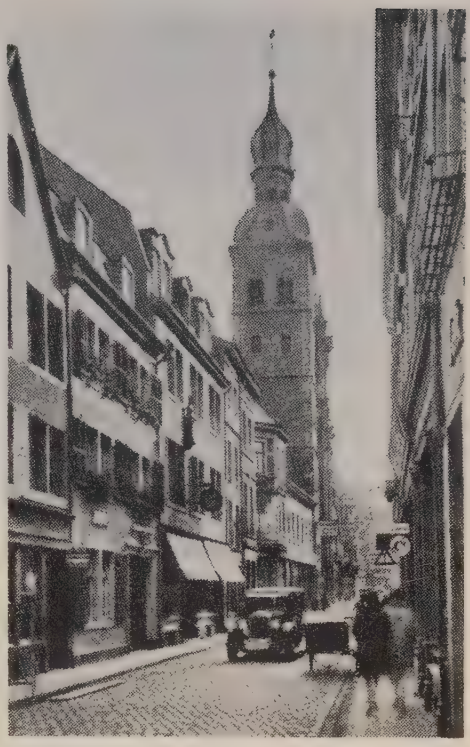
'What can we buy for Betty?'
The age-old problem of Britain abroad.
'What about those buttons?'

It rose above the traffic and tramp of troops as they marched once more through the Rhineland. I felt at home again, no longer a foreigner on foreign soil.

I have often wondered what Betty thought of those buttons and, ever since, Bonn and buttons have been indissolubly bound.

There were the *Buchhändler* and the *Bahnhof.*

We spent many hours browsing in those bookshops. We tried in broken, belaboured German to buy Christmas cards. Beautiful cards of baby boys with wings and haloes and burning candles leading a donkey through a village street or banging on the doors.



Bonn: Bonngasse, with house where Beethoven was born

Bonn: Beethoven

The *Bahnhof* treated us badly. We arrived late at night. So great was the crush of students trying to get out at Bonn, that we were borne on to Coblenz for bed and breakfast and back to Bonn next day.

The *Bahnhof*, so reluctant to receive us, was just as reluctant to let us go. A band of students collected at Bonn in time to connect with Cologne. We wanted to catch the 10 a.m. express from Vienna. There was a breakdown between Bingen and Bonn. The minutes slipped by briskly.

We had only a few *Pfennige* between us: too little to take the tramway. One was not allowed to take money out of Germany. At last a train arrived and we reached Cologne at ten. Bag and baggage, we bolted for Platform 4 and bundled into the first compartment we found. It was an interesting carriage: three Britishers, a Belgian woman, a Bulgarian Jew and a Berlin businessman.

I brandished in bravado a *Stürmer* I had bought. The Belgian upbraided me. I remember now a cartoon of Jew-baiting on the back.

But we students were blind in those days before battle. As we bowled swiftly through Belgium past Brussels and Bruges, then over the blue North Sea, we belittled the beastliness behind us.

The propaganda was too blatant to be believed. There was a visit to a *Braunkohl* mine. We were proudly shown 'briquettes' as proof of Germany's budding industrial strength.

There was the boy tossed in the blanket. I have a photograph taken at the height of his bounce as he played in the Hitler *Jugend*. Where is he now?

There was the brisk *Heil Hitler!* as our hostesses met a *Beampter*.

Once we walked through the beech-woods and were brusquely turned back. They were building an aerodrome in the beeches not meant for British eyes.

How blind we were!

And now boy and blanket, buttons and buttermilk, *Buchhändler* and *Brückenmännchen*, Bingen and Beuel are bathed in the blood of battle: blitzed, bombed and beset behind and before.

There is a law in the history of language whereby B becomes V in certain circumstances. FeBrile and feVerish, LiBerate and deliVer are brothers by birth and intent. And, in Bonn, we hear again the vibrant beats of the opening bars of a symphony: bars that brought victory to brave and beleaguered man; B has indeed become V.

We burst on over the bridges from Bonn to Berlin. We have no time to stay, no place for pity in our hearts. But, from his seat with the immortals, a man bends down, bewildered. Beethoven was born in Bonn.

Bonn: Schloss Bruhl

French gourmets' club. A 'new boy', Prince Sixte of Bourbon—Parma is saying his piece

THE COOK AND 'DIETETICS'
OBSTACLE OR OPPORTUNITY?

Sgt. JOHN FULLER

UNTIL quite recently the professional cook has had to bother himself but little with food values. 'Vitamins, calories and carbohydrates' have been merely words, and interest in them has been at best something of a sideline. The growing occupation of the cook with these matters has been attributed in great part to the war, and to the fact that restriction of imports and the ration scheme in general has linked closer than ever the problem of food and the question of health. This I believe to be a contributory factor, but I believe equally firmly that the awakening, war or no war, was inevitable.

The science of dietetics, as we know it today, is young. Knowledge of the protective and healing qualities of the vitamins, for example, is recent, and still incomplete. Cloistered in his kitchen, the cook received the new information gradually; and, when received, these new facts seemed only to confirm the culinary traditions founded by Escoffier. Thus the premier chefs of the premier kitchens saw little in the discoveries of the bio-chemist to contradict their methods or alter the shape of their menus. Poverty, it was apparent, caused the major part of the nation's malnutrition. Heaven knows, the French style dinner of appetite-evoking *consommé*, protein-rich fish, entrée, roast, vitamin- and mineral-loaded salads and dessert fruits, showed few signs of penury. It erred rather on the side of abundance, with undesirable nutritive effects causing, in many cases, well-earned indigestion!

Unfortunately, the first-class cuisine is in the minority. Cooks in the cheaper, larger establishments could not feel so complacent when they applied similar tests. They found that long waiting in the hot cupboards not only destroyed flavour, but was vitamin-destructive too. They discovered that salads prepared in advance could lose much of their health-giving virtue; that a host of what had loosely been regarded as 'goodness' in flesh and bone was over-rated, and

English cooks, 1756. (Bow pottery.) English cooking must be rapidly improved.

often simply flavouring extractives. These are the men who today are ready and willing to apply the lessons taught by the research chemist. They recognise more and more the value of that research, interlocked with their own craft, in relation to the community. They are anxious to have those craft principles set firmly on a realistic basis. Rule of thumb, catchphrase rule, must either go, or find fresh support in reason. It may be permissible to invest cookery with the slight mystery of art, but it should never be bedizened with the mumbo-jumbo of ignorance.

In peace and war the cook has always been prepared to play his part. In the Crimean campaign it is probable that the part played by Alexis Soyer was as effective in aiding ultimate victory as the more publicised rôle of Florence Nightingale. The stove he designed for military service, a war-winning factor then, is by no means outmoded now. When the country of his adoption was at peace, Soyer still waged war. His enemy was malnutrition; his weapons were soup kitchens for the impoverished, and his celebrated Shilling Cookery, within the reach of the pocket of the poor, designed to raise the standard of food wisdom of the masses. By present day tenets, his notions of diet are sometimes unsound, but the example he set—never. He will be remembered for far more than his Sauce Reforme.

In this war, too, cooks have played a notable, though not always glamorous, part. This time, backed by the machine of government, the Ministry of Food, and enlightened catering branches in the service Ministries, they have made their mark on the home and overseas fronts. In cottage and camp kitchen they have striven for a standard of feeding sufficient for the fighting efficiency of worker and soldier. That this standard has been achieved and maintained by the housewife and the professional has been due in immeasurable part to the planning and guidance of the *dietitians*. Both types of cook are sensible of this. Letters received by the Ministry of Food reveal how eagerly their newspaper announcements are followed by those cooking for families. The response from those in the services when dietetic problems are tackled shows similar results. The hotel and restaurant cook, engaged primarily to cook for profit, may be less affected but he, too, sees the value of this underlying knowledge. When cooks talk amongst themselves, they express the hope, in common with everyone, that concern for the nutrition of all, from childhood onwards, will continue and increase after the war.

They see their place, and realise their scope is ever widening. Municipal, hospital and school catering must become excellent. To become as excellent as all concerned desire, the help of the first class craftsmen will be needed. They, in turn, are not unaware of the need to increase their fundamental knowledge.

Thus there exists a demand for further enlightenment in dietetics. There exists a demand for a *qualification*, available to the professional cook. So far, diplomas from reputable examining bodies have been restricted to post-graduates and are, in any case, beyond the scope and needs of the active caterer. Or, on the other hand, they are awarded to girls completing one, two or three years' training, usually expensive, at a Domestic Science College. Moreover, neither of these types of qualifications can be taken by an extra-mural student.

Training of this type being virtually denied him, the expert chef remains, and will remain, confined to commercial cooking in hotel and restaurant. His cunning cannot be used to improve hospital feeding and, for that matter, it is doubtful whether he will be called on to assist in the growing school catering schemes. This latter is doubly important for, during those formative years, the child should have the best of food. It is to be hoped that in post-war years gastronomes will be drawn from no one class.

As an apprentice, I was taught that a cook never stops learning. Platitudinous though this may be, it is sometimes forgotten—and not by the cook alone. In fact he seldom forgets. It appears to have been forgotten by educational bodies, technical schools, examining authorities, and all those responsible for nutritional policy. The cooking craft is ever anxious to widen its scope. It sees its chance in 'the brave new world' ahead, and wants to seize it.

THE GENERAL ELECTION

THE electors having got a chance, have sent the Liberals packing. The General Election, which opened on 13 July, and is now virtually over, converted a Liberal majority of 28 at the Dissolution into a Conservative majority of 152. With the exception of Ireland, where the Home Rulers succeeded in slightly improving their position, every part of the United Kingdom showed that the pendulum was swinging heavily in the direction of Conservatism. The Liberals suffered a net loss of six seats in Wales, 11 in Scotland, and 81 in England. The net Liberal majority in Scotland has been pulled down to six, while in England the Liberals are outnumbered three to one. The predominant partner has put his foot down with emphasis, and, for the duration of this Parliament, he will stand no nonsense in the shape of Home Rule. That the General Election would result in a Liberal overthrow was seen by every one before the polls opened, and by none more clearly than by the Liberals themselves. What no one expected, least of all the Liberals, was that the result of the ballot could leave them in so woeful a minority.

PROBABLE FOREIGN POLICY

THE situation in the far East is serious, not to say menacing. The evacuation of the Chinese mainland by the Japanese forces lingers. The Russians have succeeded at the eleventh hour in overcoming the reluctance of the Chinese to accept their guaranteed loan, and it is more than ever obvious that Japanese projects of conquest can only be carried out after a war with Russia. Lord Salisbury is almost certain to base his foreign policy upon a good understanding with Germany, and as such understanding can, usually, only be obtained by *quid pro quo*, everyone is wondering what *quid* the Germans will demand. *Do ut des*, Bismarck's maxim, continues to be acted upon by his successors. In politics the Germans resemble the Dutch, who were said, at the beginning of this century, in commerce to give too little and to take too much.

THE ARMENIAN HORROR

THE horoscope of Europe points to war. *Inter arma silent leges*—the thunder of the cannon silences Parliamentary debates on social reform. The situation in Macedonia is menacing; that in Armenia is horrible. Out of these difficulties it is possible for a bold Minister, free from prejudice, to pluck the flower of safety; but it would be too much to hope that Lord Salisbury will dare to affront the senseless prejudices of his party by meeting the Armenian difficulty in the only way in which good can be done. If he were to take the initiative in proposing that Russia should have a European mandate for the occupation and the administration of the Armenian provinces, he would at one stroke deliver Armenia, conciliate Russia, and ward off the danger which threatens British interests in Egypt. Russia is now reconciled with Bulgaria, and it only needs a good Anglo-Russian agreement to settle the Armenian question.

THE VENEZUELAN FRONTIER

BOTH Houses of Congress six months since called upon Great Britain to consent to arbitration at once on the Venezuelan frontier question, but the impression seems to have prevailed in Downing Street that the resolution did not amount to much. Now, however, that France has consented to refer to arbitration the question between French Guiana and Brazil, American sentiment is more pronounced than ever as to the necessity for settling the Venezuelan frontier by the same means. On the last Fourth of July, ex-Governor Campbell, of Ohio, delivered a very fierce attack upon England at Tammany Hall.

[*In this cartoon from* Westminster Budget, *the Liberals accuse Labour of splitting the vote. Now the other way round!*]

CONTRASTS & COMPARISONS BE

NUMBER ONE . STATIC FORMALITY:

This is the first of a series of twelve comparative studies of Old and New Masters. The series is designed to illustrate some of the ways in which art has changed during the centuries, while in essential principles it remains the same.

JAN VAN EYCK
1386-1440
Flemish School

'Jan Arnolfini and his Wife'
(by courtesy of the National Gallery)

CONTRARY to what might be expected, this portrait of Jan Arnolfini, a merchant of Lucca living in Bruges, and of Jeanne de Chenany his wife, is one of the most popular pictures in the National Gallery. It is also one of the most interesting, if the theory that it may perhaps constitute a kind of marriage certificate is in fact correct. And that this may be so is suggested by the formality of the pose, the solemn joining of hands whether in the presence of a priest or not being recognised at that time as a sign of mutual consent; by the burning of a single candle, evidently for some ceremonial purpose; by the introduction of the dog in the foreground, a well-known symbol of married fidelity, and by the inscription above the mirror, which translated from the Latin reads 'Jan Van Eyck was here'—words which may be taken to mean that the painter was present at the giving of the pledge. In the event of this theory being correct (and it is reasonable to suppose that the lady might have required a witness to the fact that she had pledged herself to a man of so unpromising a countenance), the picture would represent an interesting transitional piece between the religious art of the fifteenth century and the *genre* or domestic painting for which the Schools of the Netherlands later became famous. But one has, in any case, only to consider the way in which the perspective of the room and the details of the furnishings are managed—the mirror in which the couple are reflected, the rosary hanging beside it, the open window and the oranges beneath—in order to realise that the painting is not only a triumph of technical skill, but a work of exceptional brilliance and individuality.

TWEEN OLD & NEW MASTERS

A STUDY IN COMPOSITION

E. H. RAMSDEN

HENRI ROUSSEAU
1844-1910
French School

'The Cart of Père Juniet'
(Collection, Madame Paul Guillaume)

HENRI ROUSSEAU, called the 'Douanier', was self-taught. 'I have been told,' he said, 'that my work is not of this century. As you will understand, I cannot now change my manner which I have acquired as the result of obstinate toil.' In this statement the whole strength and originality of his character both as a personality and as a painter is summed up. For just as there is nothing to account for the sudden flowering of the genius of Van Eyck and the consummate perfection of his achievement, so must the particular quality and essential 'rightness' of Rousseau's final accomplishment be accepted without question and recognised as unique. Thus it is that, notwithstanding the obvious differences of style between the art of Rousseau, the *petit bourgeois*, who was without sophistication, and that of the great Flemming, who as a man of the world fulfilled the offices both of court-painter and of ambassador, there is something in the peculiar 'flavour' of the work of the one which recalls that of the other. This resemblance lies, first, in the extreme technical precision that characterises the work of both painters and, second, in the marked feeling of both for a rigid formality in the arrangement of a composition. So that one has only to glance at a contemporary photograph of the Juniet family with its pony and cart to realise how Rousseau, by taking the scattered elements of the composition and re-arranging them with that painstaking care and deliberation that is implied in the attainment of the standard of one's Sunday best, has unified the scene as a whole and given an 'edge' to what was before indefinite; has rendered the commonplace memorable and, without distorting the facts, has transformed the everyday mood of an everyday group in an everyday setting into the 'Sunday' mood of a 'Sunday' group in a 'Sunday' setting, to which the spruce appearance of the pony and the meditative pose of the dog beneath the cart adds the final and inimitable touch.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Replies by Anthony Barnett

Q: *Have scientists found out yet what life is?*

A: Let us begin by twisting that question round a bit and ask: what are the obvious things that distinguish living things from others? First of all, living things grow: they start from an egg, or a seed or some relatively simple thing, and develop into something with a definite structure. And secondly, they give rise to more things, with the same structure: that is, they reproduce themselves. Then living things maintain their special structure; they keep themselves as going concerns, often in spite of considerable difficulties. There is the well-known example of the earth-worm; if you chop a worm in half, the two pieces can survive as separate individuals, and each regenerates what is missing.

Q: *But how do living things keep themselves as going concerns?*

A: It will be a long time before we have anything like a complete answer to that question. But part of the answer is easy. All living things feed in some way: that is, they take in material from outside, and convert some of it into the stuff they are made of themselves. For instance, we change all sorts of bits of other plants and animals into the materials we are made of, especially when we are growing. Plants, of course, use very simple materials, such as the salts they take up from the soil. Then a living thing also uses what it takes in to give itself energy: many living things move on their own account—without being pushed, I mean; and the energy needed for movement comes from food. Then there is the material living things are made of. The matter in living organisms is unlike anything found elsewhere. All living things contain proteins, and they are the only things that do. And there are other substances special to life as well.

Q: *So there are two special things about life: it keeps itself going by using material from outside; and second, living things are made of material different from that of non-living things?*

A: Yes. But there is one point where the living and the non-living touch, so to speak. There is a kind of microbe that we call a virus: viruses are exceedingly small, smaller than bacteria, and they can not be seen with an ordinary microscope at all. Some diseases, of both plants and animals, are caused by viruses. Influenza is one. There is also a well-known disease of tobacco plants caused by a virus. Scientists have been able to extract a definite substance, which causes the disease, from the diseased plants; and when analysed the stuff turned out to be a protein. This protein has been obtained in a pure form; you can keep it in a jar, just as you can keep sugar. There is nothing about it, while it is in this state, to make you think it is alive. But as soon as some of it is put back into a plant of the right kind, it grows; you put a little in, and a lot more is produced. In other words, this protein has the power to make more of itself, from other material.

Q: *Is this protein, or virus, or whatever it is, living or not?*

A: The real answer to that, I suppose, is that it is on the border line; and that there is no definite boundary between the living and the non-living.

Q: *Could it be that it was from things like these viruses that life first began?*

A: When you come to anything as difficult as the origin of life, your guess is probably as good as mine. However, as you say, it must have started with the non-living; and the first stages may well have been in the production of complex substances like proteins. Perhaps, at one time in the history of the earth, there were shallow seas, full of salts, and kept almost constantly warm by the sun; in those conditions, we may imagine, the first living matter was formed. But we do not know in what conditions this could happen. One way of getting an idea how life began might be by finding out how a protein can be made; but we do not even know that yet.

Q: *You still have not said what life is.*

A: That is because there is no straight answer to that question. People sometimes talk about the 'secret of life'. But it is not a question of finding out one secret; it is a question of discovering a lot of facts, many of which are at present still unknown. There is no one secret of life: there are many. Knowledge of life is built up in small bits, by the efforts of hundreds of men and women.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE THINK?

Replies by Dr. Poole

Q: *What mechanical and chemical process goes on when a person thinks? What is the chemical or mechanical stimulus?*

A: I am afraid it may be a good time longer before anyone can give a complete answer to this question. But meanwhile we know a number of interesting facts which have a bearing on it.

Q: *Have we any indication of mechanical or chemical changes accompanying thought?*

A: Yes. If you attach a couple of electrodes to a man's head and get him to sit in a comfortable chair with his eyes shut and not think about anything in particular, you can pick up a regular series of electrical waves coming from his head at a rate of about ten per second. Although it is not very difficult to see these electrical waves, the main trouble is that they are rather small—about ten millionths of a volt, in fact. So you connect your electrodes to a fairly powerful amplifier, much like the amplifier in an ordinary radio set, and connect the amplifier to a cathode ray tube. Then you can actually see a wavy line traced out on the screen of the cathode ray tube, with the waves appearing, as I said, at a rate of about ten per second. If you do not know what a cathode ray tube looks like, imagine a spot of light travelling in a wavy line across a glass screen. Now I said that the man had to have his eyes shut and stop thinking about anything in particular. If he opens his eyes, or starts to think about something definite, this regular wavy line changes to an irregular line and we are not able to pick out the ten per second rhythm any more. In this way, we have a clear-cut mechanical change which we can observe when someone starts to think.

Q: *But does any kind of thinking produce this kind of alteration in the electrical waves?*

A: Not quite. I once took part in some experiments of this kind on a mathematician. We found that if you asked him something easy, like 'What are seven sixes?', he could give the answer without any observable effect on his electrical wave pattern; but when we asked him something more difficult like fifteen times nineteen, the change from a regular wavy line to an irregular one did take place.

Q: *Has anything of the same kind been discovered about chemical changes accompanying thought?*

A: No, I am afraid not. I could say something about the chemical changes which go on in nerve cells and nerve fibres of the brain, but that would be rather begging the question.

Q: *What can you say about the stimulus that produces thought?*

A: About that I think we can be fairly definite. All activities of the central nervous system, including the brain, seem to be set in motion by some event in the external world. This outside occurrence affects one of the senses, and nerve impulses, or nervous messages, then travels up the nerves to the centre nervous system.

Q: *Do you mean that when I think of an original idea I have not produced it at all, but that it actually came from something in the outside world?*

A: I think that if you try and remember how your original idea started, you will find that some perhaps quite trivial external event set your train of thought in motion. There is nothing very new in this idea. There is the story of how Sir Isaac Newton started thinking about gravitation when an apple fell off a tree. The apple might not have produced the same effect on another person, just as a gun does not go off when you pull the trigger unless it happens to be loaded. We will have to investigate the detailed working of the mechanism which is set in motion by such an outside stimulus if we are to understand the nature of thought. We have already made a start. Much more will undoubtedly be discovered in the near future.

These two questions have been selected from a large number to which replies have been broadcast in the B.B.C. General Forces programme 'YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED'

A BOOK OF YESTERDAY

THE MEMOIRS OF HARRIETTE WILSON

REVIEWED BY AUBREY NOAKES

We have in the *Memoirs of Harriette Wilson* a book written by a woman who knew little, and cared less, about style. She held the threat of her revelations over society as a lever to extract hush-money and blackmail; she had constantly to rewrite her *Memoirs*, which originally came out in serial parts, to meet the situation caused by the various men in her life buying themselves out. Harriette had a slap-dash disregard for facts as facts, and her manuscript was undoubtedly 'vetted' for punctuation and spelling by her publisher or anonymous hacks in his employ. Yet the result was a classic.

There is an aphorism coined by dusty Carlyle, or some kindred bore, which will have it that 'Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains.' Stuff! The dust-encumbered shelves of our great libraries are crammed with unread and forgotten books by earnest people who took their own works very seriously—and certainly took pains in their composition. They smell of the lamp and the midnight oil! Geniuses, like poets, are born, not made. Willy-nilly they are destined for fame, *in spite of themselves*, if needs be.

From the long, rambling story of her own career from the age of fifteen to thirty we get a clear picture of Harriette herself, agreeing on the whole with allusions to her which exist in contemporary memoirs and correspondence. She must have got a 'kick' out of writing her *Memoirs*, for she was a born writer, in a casual, undress style, with odd flashes of wit, an eye for character, and a gift for apt and pungent phrasings. Her chief faults—literary faults—were extreme prolixity, especially in the second half of her story, a fine disregard for chronology—'ladies scorn dates'—and a tendency to believe what she had written herself.

Harriette's career was not unlike that of Becky Sharp: the same rapid rise, the brief seasons of flattering, brilliant success in London society, followed by the dusty years of squalor and exile, engendered by male neglect. Fact here joins hands with fiction in encompassing a conclusion in accordance with the canons of the improving tale. As one discerning critic points out, however, there was one important difference between Becky and Harriette: 'Becky desired respectability with all the strength of her narrow little heart. To Harriette the very word was what she would have called a dead bore.'

According to her own and contemporary accounts Harriette was small, with very little feet of which she was immensely proud. Her eyes were brown, her eyelashes long and dark, and she wore her hair in a careless mop of curls. While the women of her circle wore elaborate toilettes of satin, silk and lace, and ostentatiously flaunted their jewels, Harriette's invariable dress was a rich figured white French gauze over white satin. She had no ornaments in her curly hair, but sometimes wore long, jewelled ear-rings. She had the effrontery of a charming, petted boy.

When the first instalment of the *Memoirs* was issued in January 1825, a large crowd beseiged Stockdale's little Piccadilly shop in its eagerness to get copies and he was forced to barricade his windows. The parts were sold in paper covers and at the end of each was an advertisement of the names of the people to be mentioned in the next number, thus giving them another chance to buy themselves out.

Lord Montague told Sir Walter Scott that the whole Cabinet was reading Harriette's *Memoirs* because one member had been mentioned. Canning said they were very clever; Lord Melville, on the contrary, thought them dull. 'I will bet on Canning's side without having seen a letter of it,' said Scott, who recalled having seen Harriette at one of 'Monk' Lewis' parties—not beautiful, 'but a smart, saucy girl, with good eyes and dark hair, and the manners of a wild schoolboy'.

The whole law of copyright was in a very loose state and every publisher had to stand a certain amount of pirating against which he was almost helpless. Stockdale was no exception. A sporting paper called *Bells' Life in London* appropriated the earlier parts of the *Memoirs* and sold them as originals, while others printed small instalments and had them hawked about as broadsheets.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, *who as Lord Worcester made Harriette's toast, and laced her stays, to the delight of a contemporary cartoonist*

The *Memoirs* were rapidly translated and appeared in Paris, Brussels and Stuttgart. The author became a best-seller both in England and on the Continent, though it is most unlikely that, in the confused state of the copyright laws then existing, she got any money from her Continental sales.

A Piccadilly stonemason named Robert Blore had been made to look rather foolish in the *Memoirs*. A libel action which he brought against Stockdale, tried in the Court of King's Bench on 10 July 1825, resulted in a verdict in Blore's favour with an award of £300 damages and £78 10s. costs. Emboldened by Blore's success, another plaintiff named Fisher entered the lists and was awarded a cool £100 in damages. Troubles followed thick upon one another. The Sheriff's officers took possession of Stockdale's shop and auctioned off his stock, worth at a conservative estimate many thousands of pounds, for the proverbial song. The proceeds did not fetch enough to pay Fisher's damages and costs. Stockdale was imprisoned and Fisher, acting on the principle that half a loaf is better than none, agreed to accept £50 down and the remainder in instalments. Stockdale's own story of his 'persecution' is told in a nauseous tone of whining self-righteousness in the nine-volume edition of the Wilson *Memoirs*, and *Paris Lions and London Tigers*—a later work of Harriette's which flopped rather badly—which he brought out in 1831.

'I shall not say why and how I became, at the age of fifteen, the mistress of the Earl of Craven,' writes Harriette, in the striking opening to her story. 'Whether it was love, or the severity of my father, the depravity of my own heart, or the winning arts of the noble Lord, which induced me to leave the paternal roof and place myself under his protection, does not now much signify: or if it does, I am not in the humour to gratify curiosity in this matter. I resided on the Marine Parade at Brighton, and I remember that Lord Craven used to draw cocoa trees, and his fellows, as he called them, on the best vellum paper for my amusement. Here stood the enemy, he would say; and here, my love, are my fellows; there are the cocoa trees, etc. It was, in fact, a dead bore.'

Craven dropped her when he discovered that she was being too kind to Frederick Lamb, Lord Melbourne's son. She followed Lamb to Hull where he was serving with his regiment. On returning to London, Fred Lamb established Harriette in lodgings at Dukes Row, Somers Town, where she made the sad discovery that, far from wishing to flaunt his conquest before an envious world, Lamb was content to leave her in the background whilst he pursued his usual life of pleasure in town. Harriette was not the kind of woman to take this treatment lying down. Acting on mad impulse, she wrote to the Marquis of Lorne informing him in her most

charming manner that if he would walk up to Duke's Row, Somers Town, he would meet a lovely girl. An amusing exchange of letters took place: 'If you are but half as lovely as you think yourself you must be well worth knowing; but how is this to be managed? Not in the street! But come to No. 39 Portland Street and ask for me' . . . 'No! Our first meeting must be on the high road, in order that I may have room to run away if I don't like you.' . . . 'Well then, fair lady,' countered Lorne, 'tomorrow, at four, near the turnpike, look for me on horseback; and then, you know, I can gallop away.'

The Marquis became Duke of Argyll in 1806, and in Harriette's breathless *Memoirs* he appears with a fine disregard for chronology as 'Argyle' and 'Lorne', 'Duke' and 'Marquis'. 'Argyle' was the accepted spelling at the time.

When she acquainted Fred Lamb with her 'pretty, innocent, volatile adventure', he was pardonably angry. He left her 'in madness and fury'. Harriette immediately took a furnished house at the West End of town to receive her new lover. Though Harriette had left Lamb, he continued to pursue her but without success. It is sad to learn that, after the many tender scenes which had passed between them, Lamb called on Stockdale after the publication of the first instalment of her *Memoirs*, 'to threaten him or us, with prosecution, death and destruction', if his name was allowed to appear again. His threats, unsupported by cash, were disregarded.

As Harriette was now a respectably kept mistress in a good house, she was able to resume relationships with such of her family as were moving in fashionable society. Her sister Fanny, Harriette herself, and Julia Johnstone, a mysterious romantic lady whose acquaintance Harriette had made whilst living at Somers Town, drifted into a sort of alliance and became known collectively as the Three Graces. Harriette's eldest sister, Amy, outside the magic circle, and known as 'the Fury', also had a 'past' as complex, colourful and involved as that of her more famous sister.

One of the reasons for Harriette's immense popularity, even among men who had no wish to make love to her, was her bounding vitality. It was all part of a normal day for her to ride in Hyde Park, walk for miles, dine, visit the Opera, where she entertained dozens of men with her quick repartee, spend two or three hours at her sister Amy's supper parties, teasing her admirers and annoying her sister, and then retire for the night to 'Argyle's gloomy château'.

It was hardly right of Harriette to exhibit the Duke of Wellington to us in the cruel light she did. She probably could not forgive his dullness when it came to small-talk and drawing-room pleasantries, in spite of the fact that he was very kind to her and showed genuine concern about her future. She describes how he came to see her one evening wearing his broad, red ribbon of the Order of the Bath: 'he looked like a rat-catcher.' An old print entitled *The Duke and the Duenna* shows Wellington standing in the rain on Harriette's doorstep at midnight bawling up at the window to a 'duenna' who was really Argyle disguised in Harriette's dressing-gown and night-cap. It was one of those moments when Clio, the flustered Muse of History, must feel that history goes too far.

A pinchbeck romance between Lord Ponsonby and Harriette dragged on for nearly three years. For once in her life Harriette seems to have lost her balance and sense of humour. When Ponsonby called on her in the evening she used to drive down to the House of Lords with him in a hackney coach and wait half the night outside the door for the pleasure of driving home with him and receiving one more kiss. It was all rather embarrassing for an ambitious man of fashion, who had been trapped by his own vanity into an affair he lacked the courage to end. As a matter of fact, his wife and family effectively closed this tiresome episode for him.

Harriette's next important admirer was Lord Worcester, who had joined the 10th Hussars, a crack regiment, stationed at Brighton, under the puffy, patronising eyes of the Prince Regent. He suggested that she should live under his 'protection,' though 'protection' is rather a fatuous word to use when we reflect that Worcester was a starry-eyed boy of nineteen, dependent upon his father, whereas Harriette was six years older. Worcester became more tearfully affectionate every day, whilst the Duke of Leinster, whose regiment was about to go to Spain, was jealous of Worcester who was remaining behind. Harriette blandly solved the problem of dealing with two lovers at once by giving her word to Leinster that so long as he was in England she would not see his rival, and promising Worcester to be his as soon as the Duke had gone—an arrangement oddly like that arrived at by a triangle of characters in a Noel Coward play, which appears to have made all parties happy.

Worcester's passion for Harriette caused him to miss parades, which roused Colonel Palmer to threaten 'scolding him if it happened again.' Harriette then began to get up early and accompany Worcester to the barracks at half-past eight every morning. On these occasions she dressed in a blue riding habit and an embroidered jacket

or spencer, trimmed and finished after the fashion of officers of the 10th, and a little grey fur cap with a gold band.

Worcester was resentful and sulky about the regimental duties which kept him from Harriette, and furious at the Regent's invitations to dine at the Royal Pavilion, which he could not decline. Romantic sentiment descended to bathos when Harriette's whirlwind lover carefully prized a back double-tooth which she had extracted and wore it round his neck. He took upon himself all their household cares, ordering the dinner because he had once heard Harriette say that she did not like to know what she was going to eat; made her morning toast with his own hands, believing that she would fancy it more if the footman had not touched it, and laced her stays. This last delicate form of attention was seized upon by a contemporary cartoonist.

His parents were alarmed at this infatuation for a notorious woman several years older than himself and put pressure on him to terminate the liaison. Through an attorney named Robinson, his father, the Duke of Beaufort, offered Harriette reasonable compensation if she would give up every letter or copy of a letter she had received from Worcester. Harriette's legal adviser valued these compromising romantic screeds at the unimpassioned sum of £20,000.

Should she keep the letters and blackmail the Duke for as much money as she could get? Or should she try the effect of a noble gesture which might lead nearer to marriage? She decided to do the noble thing, pleading in the act of doing so for a little less ill-will from the parents. The Duke did not reply. He obtained an appointment for his son on Wellington's staff, who departed for Spain after a suitably heart-rending separation scene. Letters were exchanged; the affair dragged on interminably with the Duke and Harriette bargaining like hard-faced poker players over allowances and hush-money, whilst setting their altercations in the incongruous language of sentiment and high morality . . . And Lord Worcester? After distinguishing himself by his gallantry in Spain, he left the army and made a suitable marriage in 1814. He settled down as a country landowner, entered Parliament, hunted and preserved, and may be discovered as the Duke of Beaufort in *Nimrod's Sporting Sketches*—all very seemly and gentlemanly.

While negotiations with the Duke of Beaufort were in progress, a rich, good-looking young fellow named Meyler, one of the dandies, though not a top-flight one, made advances to Harriette. His affections at the moment were divided among three Covent Garden ladies, and it seems that he was willing to add to his reputation by an affair with Harriette Wilson.

Harriette's debts were piling up. She had always been extravagant and had had intermittent affairs with quite a number of men. She was beginning to miss what in the halcyon days she had termed a 'steady friend'. In 1814 her hold on society was slipping. On one of her journeys between London and Paris Harriette went to see Beau Brummel at Calais where he had retired in 1816 to avoid his creditors. She had known him in London though never intimately, and confessed that it was curiosity rather than interest that led her to call on him. His cold, steely disposition was the last thing in the world to please so impulsive a creature as Harriette. There cannot have been much illusion left between these two 'has-beens'. It must have been one of the most striking meetings in our social history.

The *Memoirs* cease with Harriette's flight to France. Her last 'protector' was named William Henry Rochfort, who claimed to be the heir to the Earldom of Belvedere, an Irish peerage, but who was better acquainted with the Fleet Prison than he ever became with the House of Lords. Harriette became vastly enamoured of this swindling bully, who frequently treated her with coldness and brutality. Perhaps because she was experiencing such treatment for the first time, Harriette's devotion to Rochfort remained steadfast. His ascendancy over her was complete. She paid his debts and contracted a Fleet marriage with him—a ceremony involving no binding consequences on either parties. Thenceforth they lived together chiefly in Paris.

Thus we take our leave of Harriette—battered, raffish, game to the last, blackmailing the aristocracy with threats to shame them one and all with the testimony of their youthful indiscretions in her projected *Memoirs*. It must for ever remain a matter for wide-eyed surprise that work prepared under such haphazard conditions should yet, in spite of itself, become an enduring classic, amusing and piquant in itself, and an invaluable 'source' to the student of social life. Miss Angela Thirkell, in a delightful study which provides us with all the background we need to fully appreciate the *Memoirs*, suggests that the best motto that could be found for Harriette's account of her life would be the following quotation from Kingsley's *Water Babies*: 'Remember, as I told you before, that this is all a fairy tale, and, therefore, you are not to believe a word of it, even if it is true.' As literary criticism this is priceless, and the present writer is not rash enough to attempt an improvement upon it.

NEW BOOKS

BURMA PAMPHLETS

Burma Background by B. R. Pearn

Burma Setting by O. H. K. Spate

Buddhism in Burma by G. Appleton

Burma Rice

The Forests of Burma by F. T. Morehead

The Hill Peoples of Burma by H. N. C. Stevenson

Longmans, Green & Co. 1s. 6d. *each*

In initiating this series of booklets on Burma, Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have done a useful service. The war has brought Burma very much into the limelight. Thousands of British soldiers have fought and died there, and what was once but a name has become for many people a living reality. Few, however, have more than a very vague notion of what Burma and its people are like, except that the climate is peculiarly unpleasant and the inhabitants have weird monosyllabic names. These pamphlets are designed to give, in as readable and interesting a form as possible, the essential facts about Burma, for the benefit not only of students of Far Eastern affairs, but of the average British layman. They are attractively produced, with admirable photographs and maps; none is more than fifty pages long, and each of the authors is an expert on his one particular subject. The six under review are only a first instalment; several others are in preparation, including studies of Burmese relations with British and Indians, accounts of the Burma campaign of 1941–42 and of the guerrilla effort of the Burmese hill tribes, a survey of Burma's oil industry, and an essay on 'The New Burma'. It is to be hoped that the last-named pamphlet will include an account of present political trends, for this most important aspect would otherwise be sadly lacking.

The first two pamphlets, *Burma Background* and *Burma Setting*, are straightforward historical and geographical surveys. Professor Pearn is reasonably objective, but there is a touch of unconscious irony in his glib account of the events leading up to the complete annexation of Burma in 1886. The French, under their imperialist Prime Minister, Jules Ferry, apparently had their eyes on Burma at the time, and 'apart from commercial considerations, it was clear that if French and British were to come to share Burma between them . . . friction, perhaps leading to war, would be unavoidable, and it was felt by the British Government that steps must be taken to avert this catastrophe. *At this point the Burmese Government provided the British with a pretext for intervention without the necessity for advancing the French intrigues as the reason.*' The pretext was a flimsy one: a fine had been levied by the Burmese Government on the Bombay Burma Trading Corporation for alleged breach of contract, and the contract had been cancelled. The fall of Ferry's ministry having meanwhile removed all danger of French opposition to a British move in Burma, a high-handed ultimatum was sent to the Burmese king, who of course rejected it, whereupon the British invasion began. How reminiscent all this of the Abyssinian affair, but Professor Pearn appears none the less to see nothing even remotely equivocal in Britain's behaviour in this matter.

The most interesting of the pamphlets to my mind is Mr. Appleton's *Buddhism in Burma*. His outline of the teachings of the Buddha and the particular forms in which they have been adopted and practised in Burma is clear and succinct. What an agreeable religion it seems, in spite of its muddle-headedness! It is interesting to note how the British policy of non-interference in religion, prompted by the most laudable motives, is inclined to defeat its own object. The King of Burma was originally the head of the Church and his chaplain the primate who administered clerical discipline, controlled Church lands, and prevented schism. After the British annexation of Upper Burma in 1886, nothing was done to fill the gap caused by the disappearance of the monarchy and the consequent disruption in the clerical hierarchy. As a result of this, discipline in the Sangha (the Burmese Community of Monks) has grown sadly lax, and 'today schism is rife; any charlatan can dress as a cleric and swindle the faithful, and criminals often wear the robe and live in a monastery to elude the police.'

The remaining three pamphlets are perhaps more for the student than for the general reader. They are comparatively free from the dryness and banality which are usual in works of this kind.

TERENCE KILMARTIN

HOUSING BEFORE THE WAR AND AFTER

By N. J. Elsas. *Staples Press.* 7s. 6d.

HOW SHOULD WE REBUILD LONDON?

By C. B. Purdom. *Dent.* 12s. 6d.

PREFABRICATED HOMES

By Bernard H. Cox. *Paul Elek.* 2s.

It is significant to the value of Dr. Elsas' book on housing that a second edition follows in three years' time. This second edition includes new chapters on a rent subsidy scheme on a National Basis as well as an estimate of the number of houses required after the war. Professor A. M. Carr Saunders assures the readers in a preface to this suggestive publication that the author is seeking to provide data which will be indispensible when the day comes to take up the housing problem—and we feel well entitled to add that this day indeed has now arrived. It is gratifying that the author takes the view that the need for adequately large and modernly-equipped houses for working-class families could only become an effective demand if rent rebates were not given solely to some families living in houses owned by local authorities, but on a more general and generous scale than hitherto. This and the urge to a redistribution of the industrial population, so as to avoid the further increase of large cities, represents some of the valuable suggestions of the book.

It is of interest to note that C. B. Purdom in his exhaustive and well-documented investigation on specifically metropolitan housing problems comes to the same conclusion as to the necessity of 'a considerable reduction of the population of London'. We have in this book a very useful critical analysis of most of the important proposals made for the 'rebuilding' of London such as Prof. Sir P. Abercrombie's and Mr. J. H. Forshaw's Report to the L.C.C., the schemes of the City Corporation, the proposals of the Royal Academy Committee and of the R.I.B.A. Reconstruction Committee. It is, however, of particular interest to note—with some surprise—from one of the Appendices of the book how very much various London Borough Councils differ in their attitude towards many important issues; for instance, the decentralisation of the population or the question of shops and street markets. We share the hope with which the late Lord Snell has prefaced the book 'that all who have to do with rebuilding of cities will read it.'

The necessity of rationalising housing technique for Britain's need for 4 million houses in 10–12 years should by now be obvious, but Mr. Bernard C. Cox, writing for the Association of Building Technicians, assures us that prefabrication offers the possibility of satisfying these housing needs in a shorter period. Prefabrication, of course, means standardisation, but it ought not to mean uniformity, and the various illustrations which accompany this timely booklet bear testimony to it. In a preface Sir Charles Reilly asserts that neither architects nor building craftsmen should entertain fears about the competitive growth of prefabrication.

THERE'S WORK FOR ALL

By Michael Young and Theodor Prager. *Nicholson & Watson.* 5s.

This book, with its pleasant garland of 84 photographs and 14 colour designed pictorial charts, is the work of two young economists who have done good work with *PEP*. Its burden is, as that of so many new publications, to provide for the banishment of unemployment in Britain's future. The authors are not in favour of the proposals of the White Paper: 'essentially, it is salvage policy all over again,' so they say, 'only bigger and better.' The economic rescue services will be improved, but the principle will remain the same. The authors suggest more radical and more fundamental changes as 'an alternative policy'. But they recommend arrangements which will hardly find anything like general approval. 'To be successful' their policy calls for Government controls over the capital market as well as over bank credit and central allocation of certain raw materials; some form of price control and a supplementation of these measures by utility production and by the Government operating certain key industries would in their view be required as well. Like all such 'plans', these proposals move largely in the lofty region of an economic stratosphere. The authors agree that the problem of exports for which machinery cannot be simply 'devised' by planners, presents difficulties of its own; but as others have done before them, they try to blast them away without due consideration of world market conditions. The book as a whole is a gallant attempt to evolve something like a rationale of planning against unemployment; but the reader scrutinising it from the angle of practical possibilities will have to make many question marks.

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SCIENCE AND THE PLANNED STATE
By John R. Baker. *Allen & Unwin.*
7s. 6d.

Dr. John R. Baker's earlier book, *The Scientific Life,* which was widely read, is followed by this intelligent and suggestive attempt to analyse the tasks and duties of scientists in society. The author has been somewhat shocked by the argument that scientists should regard their subject as existing solely for service to man's material wants; that they should press for the central planning of scientific research and that they should ally themselves with political groups which advocate the central planning of society in general. He is in that respect—and this is a fundamental aspect of the book—at cross purposes with other important writers who wish science to be regarded as an 'occupation' just as any one other, and judged merely by economic and social standards of application. He tries to prove that science stands above many other occupations: the research scientist has often obtained his position in society by voluntarily giving up highly-prized pleasures in order to devote himself to laborious study; the author puts forward the view that any thorough-going scheme for the central planning of research would gravely damage science; he firmly asserts that totalitarianism is precisely the form of government that is least in accord with scientific principles, for scientists accept the authority of no one and recognise the necessity for liberty. He boldly attacks the view that the advances of science in the twentieth century were achieved not by the scientists working as individuals, but in organised groups and, indeed, he is able to supply important examples for his conviction, of which the latest is Fleming's discovery of penicillin. Pleas for the perfect freedom of science should be applauded. But the author might have added weight to his argument and aims if he had paid attention to the fact that the freedom of the inventor and discoverer has of late been gravely impaired by the action of some dominant concerns which, in their own commercial interests, have employed restrictive practices as to patents and paralysed their social application. Monopoly here has been the final outcome of competition. The author would have done well to consider that there is a middle way between 'central planning' and unhampered monopoly capitalism.

HERMANN LEVY

CHRISTIANITY AND DEMOCRACY

By Jacques Maritain. *Geoffrey Bles.* 5s.

French Catholicism has entered into a number of curious and unholy alliances during the past decade. At the time of the Spanish civil war, only three prominent French Catholics, Jacques Maritain, Georges Bernanos and José Bergamin, came out into the open as opponents of the Franco 'crusade'. Maritain's introduction to Alfred Mendizabal's *Martyrdom of Spain* was one of the noblest documents of the period. The dream of a Catholic-Latin Fascist bloc haunted many minds (including probably that of the ageing Pétain) and contributed to the downfall of France in 1940. During the occupation, François Mauriac added his name to those who have earned universal gratitude, and Paul Claudel (who was out-and-out pro-Franco at the time of the Spanish war) is also believed to have acquitted himself well in the Resistance. Now comes a document by Jacques Maritain from America and within the frame of reference of the American pattern of democracy set by Abraham Lincoln, which states firmly that democracy is the only political structure consonant with the Catholic faith. In view of Maritain's position as the leading exponent of the official philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, this document is of the first importance and is bound to carry a great deal of weight. The Catholic as such, says M. Maritain, is not committed to any social form, but democracy is a direct creation of the evangelical ferment working within the natural order. All other political structures at present bidding for men's allegiance are revivals of the Pagan Empire.

At the same time, the Christian inspiration of democracy must be retained. Joseph de Maistre wrote, and Maritain quotes him in a key-passage, 'Wherever a religion other than the Christian religion holds sway, there slavery is sanctioned, and wherever the Christian religion weakens, the nation becomes, in exact proportion, less capable of general liberty . . . Government alone cannot govern, it needs either slavery which reduces the number of active wills in the State, or divine force, which by a kind of spiritual grafting, destroys the natural harshness of these wills, and enables them to work together without harm to one another.' There are purely secular and agnostic democrats who will reject this point of view, but there is probably no democrat who can reject M. Maritain's further insistence that in the last resort the fate of democracy rests with the patience, humility and good-will of ordinary, toiling men, 'not because they are more intelligent, but because they are less tempted.'

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

THE FUTURE OF THE JEWS

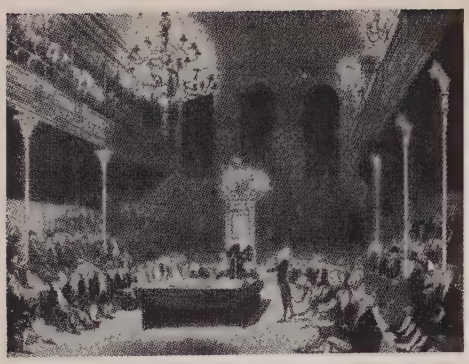
A Symposium edited by J. J. Lynx. *Lindsay Drummond.* 10s. 6d.

The work of distinguished Jews and Gentiles, this symposium covers the whole miserable business of anti-Semitism: historical and psychological, including the case for Zionism, the immediate problem of the refugees, and the crucial question whether those who are willing should, or should not, return to Germany.

There is a danger, as Mr. Edward Hulton suggests in his contribution, that the problem of the Jews may be regarded as a special problem, when it is in fact an aspect of the wider challenge to achieve the spiritual advance of mankind as a whole. The Jews can gain nothing from any attempt to accentuate their 'otherness'. Significantly, I think, their religion is not dwelt upon by any of the present writers. Jewish influence has been primarily cultural, but chiefly because of a certain spiritual attitude towards life. Whether or not the religion of his fathers is dormant, forgotten or rejected, the educated Jew remains one of 'the priestly people', as Maritain has called them. He is still 'chosen', and it is interesting to find a refugee suggesting here that perhaps the Jews are most fitted to lead Germany back to constructive partnership in European life. They have certainly often shown an uncanny talent for reflecting aspects of the national consciousness of the country of their adoption—Disraeli in England, for example, or Mendelssohn in Germany. Perhaps Jews will appear who, as human catalysts, will assist in the crystallisation of a better Germany and, indeed, a better Europe. Other European traditions have formed and declined; that of the Jews is remarkably constant. Most of the contributors seem satisfied that Palestine is necessary to the Jews as a source of spiritual refreshment.

Meanwhile, though condemning anti-Semitism, many Christians still have to look to their own house. Louis Golding in his admirable epilogue remarks that as notable a day in the history of the wellbeing of the Jews as that of the death of Hitler will be when the Pope expunges from the Catholic Liturgy the prayer which intercedes with the Lord: '*et pro perfidis judeis*'. Trite as it seems, man has still to realise his common humanity with man, as Reginald Sprensen points out. Other contributors include Thomas Mann, Sir Norman Angell, Mrs. Corbett Ashby, Elizabeth Allen, Camille Huysmans, Prof. Hermann Levy, Dr. Josef Heller, Dr. A. Steinberg and S. Adler-Rudel who did much to organise the emigration of many Jews from Europe during the war.

JAMES EASTWOOD



The House of Commons in Session in 1808
From *The Houses of Parliament*, by Hans Wild & James Pope-Hennessy. *Batsford*, 15s.

BRITISH SOLDIERS
By S. H. F. Johnston

BRITISH BOTANISTS
By John Gilmour

Collins 'Britain in Pictures' *Series*. 4s. 6d. each

British sailors and airmen have each had a place in this now very extensive series, so that a volume on our soldiers is just and welcome, doubly so at this time when the greatest campaign in the Army's history draws to a close. Major Johnston's necessarily short but comprehensive survey sparkles with the lustre of such famous names as Cromwell, Monk, Marlborough, Clive, Wolfe, Sir John Moore and Wellington (who, incidentally, was only 46 at Waterloo—one is apt to think of him as an old Commander-in-Chief); but the anonymous common soldier, whose courage has been recognised and admired by the enemy in all ages, is not overshadowed by the great generals—who would be nothing without him, anyway.

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RAYMOND ANDERSON

NATIONALISM AND AFTER
By Edward Hallett Carr. *Macmillan*. 3s. 6d.

What is the essence of the contemporary crisis? The failure since the last war to establish any new compromise capable of reconciling the forces of nationalism and internationalism, answers Prof. Carr. The first part of the book watches the growth of the disease. Stage I saw the establishment of the national state and national church on the ruins of mediaeval Christendom, with the kings and princes the owners of their countries and forming a more or less decorous 'international of monarchs'. 'Mercantilism' buttressed their authority. There was a tolerable human life possible for many, except the very poor. The professional armies were small and spent a certain amount of their energy in avoiding each other. Stage II set in after the French Revolution. Nations observed common standards based on the rights of man, down to 1870 anyway; the bourgeoisie skilfully guided the now democratised states. A progressive expansion of Europe and *laissez-faire* were the order of the day, with the City of London and the British Navy providing the realities upon which rested the illusion of the unrestricted rights of nationalism. The third stage really started in 1870 when modern Germany set out on her career. But it wasn't until 1914 when three symptoms—the socialisation of the nation, the nationalisation of economic policy and the geographical extension of nationalism—first clearly characterised the modern totalitarian disease, present in varying degrees everywhere. This historical process is described with admirable clarity, and then, in the second part of his book, Prof. Carr asks, Are we entering a fourth period? Third stage nationalism is obviously giving place to the domination of the world by great groups of nations. But whether these groups will display the old nationalist tendencies writ large remains to be seen. There is no lack of disquieting symptoms; but there are also some grounds for hope that a form of internationalism may be emerging in the form of 'a balanced structure of international or multinational groupings both for the maintenance of security and for the planned development of the economies of geographical areas and groups of nations.' In such a system common broad aims would provide the basis for co-operation: equality of opportunity, 'freedom from want' and full employment. None of these things can be assured in a restricted national setting in times of peace. It is all a matter of direction. If men of widely different cultures can proceed towards certain specific goals by agreement, then a valuable habit of co-operation will be gradually established. Though whether such means, in the absence of a minimal spiritual basis of agreement, would touch the deeper psychological causes of war is doubtful. This little book is essential reading.

JAMES EASTWOOD

THE OPEN MIND

By Georges Bernanos. *Bodley Head.* 8s. 6d.

Three of Bernanos' novels have previously appeared in this country, *The Crime, The Star of Satan* and *The Diary of a Country Priest.* We also had, in 1938, *A Diary of My Times,* largely an account of horrors seen by the author in Majorca and a denunciation of General Franco's 'crusade' (by a Catholic whose son had joined the Falange). Habitual readers of Bernanos will know that his novels invariably centre round the parish priest, about whose feet his village simmers with malice, boredom and malignant stupidity. *The Diary of a Country Priest* begins, 'Mine is a parish like all the rest . . . We can see them being eaten up by boredom, and we can't do anything about it.' The saintly Abbé Donnisan in *The Star of Satan* is appalled by the awful *monotony* of sin. But Bernanos views his priests in a curiously magical, pre-Christian light, and in each novel the village boils over at some point in a crime or an excessive sin, and the priest has to give himself so completely to his parish that he dies, his channels of grace blocked and his sick frame choked (Bernanos' priests are always sick). It is an odd and, as Bernanos uses it, an oddly satisfying mythology.

In this latest novel, the village of Fenouille is boiling over from the first page to the last, and the priest even considers that it may burst into flames and strange, apocalyptical beasts be seen amid the ruins. The doctor, a handsome and opinionated rationalist, has, he considers, 'sealed up God's name in poor men's hearts', so that they do not know what it is they lack. A cowherd is killed. Shoals of anonymous letters reach the police. The mayor goes mad. The chatelaine is beaten to death at a funeral. The priest disgraces himself. Two lovers commit suicide, and the retired pedagogue, M. Ouine, dies in an exquisite vacuum.

A simmering world boiled over in 1939, and Bernanos' village is no doubt a parable of that world. *The Open Mind* is not a pleasant novel, but as an allegory of the time it is superb. The crazy chatelaine driving her huge mare about the country lanes, the mayor with his bloated, hypersensitive nose scrubbing himself all day to get rid of the smell of remorse, the Flemish farmer obsessed with family legends—these are not so much characters in a novel as outsize figures of hallucinatory reality in a bad dream.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

Airborne. Illustration from *Wrens in Camera* by Lee Miller. *Hollis & Carter,* 8s. 6d.

THE DEMOCRATIC HERITAGE OF POLAND

By Manfred Kridl, with a preface by Bertrand Russell. *Allen & Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

This book has one sad defect. It is, for the greater part, monumentally dull. I am very sorry that this should be so, for it treats of a subject which deserves to be studied in this country. It consists of a collection of documents which show, to those with the necessary degree of concentration, that Poland has a long and honourable democratic tradition. Throughout the centuries, there have been Polish writers, thinkers, statesmen and politicians who have proclaimed their faith in the essential freedoms. Amongst these professions of faith there are, as Bertrand Russell rightly says, many that are deeply moving. You will discover, if you read this book, that there have been many Poles who have, in their generation, been torch-bearers in the struggle for freedom. There have always been Poles who have been ready to sacrifice their lives for their ideals. Every would-be oppressor of Poland has always discovered this to his cost. If you can bring yourself to read this book, you will learn a great deal about the history of Poland, and you will find much to admire and to revere. But unhappily, as I have said, you will not find this book easy going. Yet there will, I hope, be some who will make the effort, for, if they do so, they will not regret it, and they will have added to their knowledge of a country of which we in Great Britain know all too little—which is perhaps why we are thought to be suitable objects for much crude and misleading propaganda.

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PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF

By Dr. G. Scott Williamson. *Faber & Faber.* 5s.

The great majority of doctors show a strong distaste for politics, protesting that their work is to heal the sick and not to meddle with social reform. Dr. Scott Williamson is an exception to this. He believes that it is impossible to consider the patient apart from his environment and that, as many illnesses are the direct result of unhealthy conditions of living, the medical man must concern himself with politics and social reform. This belief that men cannot be cured and then be allowed to return to an unhygienic mode of life is based on considerable experience. Dr. Scott Williamson and Dr. Innes H. Pearse were the originators of that notable experiment in social medicine which was known to the public as the Pioneer Health Centre.

In a building in Peckham a number of families lived together under the close observation of these two enterprising practitioners. One of the truths that emerged from this experiment was the fact that the great majority of city dwellers live at a low level of general health, and that this results in the appearance from time to time of actual illnesses. Had the conditions under which the Peckham families lived been more favourable, the incidence of illness would have been considerably reduced. When, therefore, Dr. Scott Williamson states that a patient cannot be considered apart from his environment, his words must carry great weight with them. He believes also that any medical service in which the practitioner is no longer bound to his patient by an ethical contract but acts instead in the capacity of a state official would be disastrous to everybody. If a medical service is to be brought into being, the present relationship between doctor and patient must be retained and the practitioner must still remain the servant of those he treats.

According to this writer, the Treasury must be content to act merely as the collector of the money required for the service and to remain in the background. The Local Clinical Centres and District Hospitals in which all treatment is carried out should be managed by local lay committees and should be exempt from state control. 'The most important function of a democracy is that the people spend their own money. They must not buy pigs in pokes; they must learn how to spend. Democracy is grown up and should no longer be doled out pocket-money for beer and skittles. It has to spend its earnings.'

While agreeing with the writer that there is danger attached to a medical profession directed from Whitehall, is it certain that doctors would fare any better when controlled by local committees? Politics are not confined to Westminster and it might well be that the medical man would experience as great a difficulty in obtaining the expensive paraphernalia required for modern diagnosis and treatment from the local authorities as he would have in obtaining them from a Ministry in Whitehall. But all readers may not be as hopeful as is Dr. Scott Williamson that the handing over of the running of a state medical service to the local councils would necessarily lead to efficiency. Nobody can read his book without being stirred by the enthusiasm and the sincerity with which he puts forward his view. He writes as a pioneer and a philanthropist, and *Physician Heal Thyself* deserves a good reception.

KENNETH WALKER

WITCHCRAFT IN ENGLAND

By Christina Hole. *Batsford.* 21s.

This is a survey of the witch belief in this country from mediæval times onwards, and is a good handbook for anyone interested in, but without much previous knowledge of, the subject (those to whom witchcraft is a complete bore should leave the book well alone). Miss Hole shows up to the sixteenth-century English law and custom were less harsh on witches than on the Continent, but that a change came after the Reformation, when the full tide of persecution burst upon this country. It reached its height in the seventeenth century, then gradually receded until the Act of 1736 abolished penal laws against witches. (It is interesting to note that John Wesley denounced the Act on the grounds that giving up witchcraft was giving up the Bible.) One of the worst features of the whole business was the professional witch-finder, of whom the most notorious was Matthew Hopkins: in two years' 'smelling-out' he had two hundred witches executed. It is not a pleasant picture Miss Hole has to paint, but the modern form of witch-hunting as practised in recent years by the Nazis (with Jews and others filling the rôle of the witch) is infinitely more horrifying.

Mervyn Peake has backed up Miss Hole's somewhat solemn text with a number of drawings in his most fantastic vein.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

Coxswain and Stoker
From *Wrens in Camera* by Lee Miller. *Hollis & Carter*. 8s. 6d.

I AM LAZARUS

By Anna Kavan. *Jonathan Cape*. 7s. 6d.

Perhaps it is a misnomer to refer to the pieces in this book as stories. They deal with the mentally sick from the angle of one who looks at life from the psychopathic distorting-mirror. And yet these accounts of fears and hallucinations are easy to read. After the 1914–1918 war, research into the psychic reasons for man's temporary breakdown in civilisation made psycho-analysis popular, and it is to be expected that after the present world catastrophe there will be renewed interest in the psychogenic causes of man's recurring failures. The strain and terror of the last few years have not only resulted in corpses and the disfigured whose wounds are manifest, but also in many like Miss Kavan's characters who can also be considered victims of an unhappy time. For that reason the appearance of this book is significant and will, in the estimation of sentient people, be far more valuable and lasting than the war stories of writers like Gerald Kersh or even H. E. Bates. Those who are disinterested in this more fundamental and horrifying aspect of the unhappy years will nevertheless still find pleasure in Miss Kavan's treatment of the themes, for she is more than a normally gifted writer.

HUGO MANNING

WHITE OF MERGEN

By Maurice Collis. *Faber & Faber*. 8s. 6d.

In his introduction to this play of three acts and eight scenes, Mr. Collis ably summarises his difficulty:

'As a rule the writer of an historical drama can be sure that his audience will know something of the attendant circumstances . . . In the case of the present drama, however, I can count on the public being familiar with but little of the background . . . To make my play intelligible, I have been obliged therefore to elaborate the background more than would normally be required.'

The play is based on the life of Samuel White in Siam, the seventeenth-century interloper whose biography the author wrote in *Siamese White*. But this, as he stresses, is no mere dramatisation of the biography. He has more scope for invention and imagination of scenes and relationships for which there is no historic evidence. It is difficult to write a play, laid in another century in a strange land, whose characters are drawn from a history with which the audience is not familiar and who were motivated by moral and immoral principles, totally different from those of our time.

It must be confessed that in most respects Mr. Collis has failed. His moral mood is inconstant. His characters talk in Tottenham Court Road antique speech, which gives neither the illusion of age nor the directness of modernism. 'A deep booming sound is heard' offstage and White explains:—'That is the growling of a giant war-gong.'

Can one be blamed if one expects to hear from the prompter's box at the end the familiar voice of Mr. Fitzpatrick, bidding farewell to old Si-am? There is abundant action, but it is not contained within the development of character and situation. Mr. Collis is plainly happier in the study than on the stage. The men and women of his fancy do not move in the three dimensions of a theatre; they are more like recognisable figures on a bas-relief.

Websterian highlight of the last scene is when the head of dumbwitted cuckold Captain Leslie is tossed through the window and rolls across the stage, (HOWE—muttering and crazed with shock—'Captain Leslie has lost his head! Huh! Huh!'), would reduce any audience not to terror but fits of, in some cases hysterical, laughter.

A. CALDER-MARSHALL

8

SALUTE IF YOU MUST

By Sherriffs. *Jenkins*. 7s. 6d.

The name 'Sherriffs'—do not confuse with 'Sherriffs' of *Journey's End*—has previously been seen only under cartoons, book-illustrations and those fascinating thumb-nail sketches in *Radio Times*. Without laying down the brush, Sherriffs has now taken up the pen, and, so closely do the illustrations fit the writing, that one suspects the author of being ambidextrous. With an amazing continuity of phrase and picture, he analyses a subject which, after six years of war, may not be without some importance: the British Soldier.

Sherriffs does not start his analyses with the Unhappy Warrior who came out of Dunkirk and finally sang in the streets of Berlin. That would be too easy, and not at all accurate; so much of a soldier belongs to those who served before him. The customs, habits and traditions of his regiment are grafted on to him by a thousand painful processes which, at first, appear as cruel and senseless as his own sergeant-major. These things he remembers, however, in the tight corners of war when Fear has driven every other thought from his head. It is this lasting heritage of the best regiments—and every 'rookie' soon learns that his own is the best—that causes so many Englishmen to die gloriously for the Highland Division, a somewhat lesser number of Scots to render the same service for County Regiments, and a shocking proportion of neutral Irishmen to win V.C.s for the country they are reputed to hate more than poison.

Realising this fundamental significance, Sherriff tells us in a few phrase-and-picture sketches something of these regiments and traditions. With deceptive ease, he casually throws out comments and information that reveal a surprising range and depth of knowledge; until the reader realises somewhat disconcertingly that he is not only being informed, he is being amused. We may already know that the British Army took to red tunics so that the blood would be less conspicuous in battle, but did we know that the Household Cavalry wear blue tunics for precisely the same reason? Why are soldiers shot only at dawn? Because, we learn, Military Law entitles them to report sick one hour later, and, since we as a nation insist always in nursing criminals back to health before executing them, many were an unconscionable long time in dying. Here is revealed why Wellington felt obliged to remark: 'Stand up, Guards!' when all the world understood him to say 'Up Guards and at 'em!': why, because of the Marquis of Granby, we go 'bald-headed' at things, and why all Stafford regiments are unjustifiably proud of a knot that was originally designed to hang three men on the one rope.

The soldier no longer seeks the 'bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth'. We learn that just as much nervous excitement attaches to the breech of the apparatus. Tank gunners, particularly, remark on this, as their heads are never more than a fraction of an inch from several tons of recoiling, rocketing, kicking machinery. As Sherriffs has spent the last few years as a Combined Operations Tank Driver, he may be presumed to know something of this form of organised resistance.

Apart from one sad lapse into the mediocre in a hackneyed illustration, Sherriffs has produced a book which will give pleasure to those whose home is still the mess, barrack-room and billet. For those with less organised accommodation, a study of the man who, saved from a more painful knowledge of war, could well begin with this slim volume. The British Soldier is a humorist; Sherriffs has done much to show that he can be an artist as well.

DUNCAN ROSS

LOVING

By Henry Green. *Hogarth Press*. 8s. 6d.

A remote country house in southern Ireland, a group of servants, an occasional visitor; this is all the material Mr. Green has allowed himself. One would have thought it too scanty to support a contemporary novel successfully. Nothing momentous happens at Kinalty. The war is a cloud on a distant horizon, only mentioned obliquely in an occasional letter from home. Yet there is nothing forced in this exclusion. The result is a gain in vividness. A spotlight shines insistently on every page. The characters are, in the best sense, dramatic.

Mr. Green is a self-conscious writer. He has cut extraneous matter to the bone. The dialogue is stylised, terse, laconic. We should recognise it anywhere. The people never stand still; they move and live in speech. The author's success can be measured by the unfailing interest of his story. If there is any blemish, it is in a lack of felicity here and there. These secluded people, scarcely conscious of the war, would not complain of 'being brôwned-off', nor would they 'get on the blower' when they wanted to telephone.

The book is a story of love, or of loving. The butler and the housemaid burst out of the frame which contains them and elope. A great deal of unobtrusive skill has gone into the story. Mr. Green knows precisely what he is about, down to the last, ironical sentence:

'Over in England they were married and lived happily ever after.'

RICHARD WILLIAMS

CROSS-SECTION

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A. Crossman

Trials and Talks at Moscow

Until more evidence of the Polish trials in Moscow is available, it is impossible to comment on the justice of the sentences of imprisonment which have been passed on some of the accused men. It seems certain that some sort of anti-Russian organisation existed in Poland and that some of these Poles were connected with it. The organisation received instructions from the London Government and although General Okulicki strenuously denied that he had even ordered terrorism, local groups probably got out of hand and acts of sabotage and murder occurred.

But who is chiefly to blame for this? The Russians have throughout the long agony of Polish resistance and liberation persistently done everything calculated to encourage Polish extremism, to undermine the position of such moderate statesmen as Mr. Mikolajczyk and to alienate the sympathies of the great Polish political parties. General Okulicki in his spirited defence admitted his distrust of Russia. A man would need to be a very blind or very partisan Pole not to share that distrust, for the Russian occupation has brought with it everything the opponents of Russia feared—the puppet government, the single-party dictatorship, the Ogpu, mass arrests and political trials, complete with confessions.

Do the Russians think that these trials, which hang like a sword of Damocles over the heads of the non-Lublin Poles, gathered to form a new Polish Government, are the best way to secure the confidence and friendship they insistently claim?

The Economist

Back to Witchcraft Times

The Moscow consultations on the formation of the Polish Government of National Unity have opened on the very same day on which the Polish delegation, representing the Polish 'Secret State' and the Underground Movement, who a few months ago undertook negotiations with the Soviet authorities, has been brought before the Soviet Military Court on fantastic charges, reminding us only too painfully of the famous Moscow 'witchcraft trials' of 1931, 1933, 1936, 1937 and 1938, with the spontaneous self-accusations of the victims. The delegation included the leading figures of the Polish underground movement and political parties, men who for over five years had been directing the Polish nation's struggle against the German occupying power, and under whose orders the Polish Home Army went into action against the Germans on the side of the advancing Soviet Armies. The whole delegation—as will be remembered—were invited to negotiate with the Soviets under guarantee of their personal safety. The names of four of them were transmitted to the Soviet Government by the British Government as the names of leaders most fully entitled to speak on behalf of the Polish Nation. The delegation, in Mr. Eden's words,

> 'included nearly all the leading figures of the Polish Underground Movement. These men maintained an excellent record of resistance against the Germans throughout the war . . . Most of these men were just the type who should, in our view, have been consulted about the new National Government in Poland, if such a government was to be truly representative of Polish democratic life, in accordance with the Crimea decision.'

It will also be remembered that at one time, following M. Molotov's disclosure of their arrest, the British and U.S. Governments thought it imperative to suspend the negotiations with the Soviet Government on the Polish problem at San Francisco.

Today, not only the legal Polish Government, but also the leaders of Poland's political life in Poland have been got out of the way. A new Polish Government is to be formed with the Polish nation practically unrepresented in the talks on its formation.

The Moscow Conference is definitely dominated by the Lublin elements, represented by four Communist members of the Lublin administration from Poland, and one Communist Lublinite, from London, M. Kolodziej, former Secretary of the Polish Seamen's Union. His invitation, following the refusal of M. Zakowski, a London Polish Socialist, is particularly grotesque, since, as a result of his Lublin policies, he has recently been disowned and defeated by his own Union, which duly elected a new non-Communist Executive.

Whitehall News

Standard of Living 32% Below Tsarist

FOREIGN newspapers were, and are, forbidden in Russian. The Soviet Press is controlled to a degree which Nazism could never achieve. Each town in the Union, Moscow included, has two morning papers: a government organ and a party organ. All government papers throughout the country appear every morning with one uniform leader, distributed by radio and telegraph: the leader of the Moscow *Izvestia*. . . . . .

The introduction of school fees in 1940 was followed by the creation of cadet schools ('Suvorov military academies') with special entrance facilities for officers' sons (decree of August 23, 1943). There are also special schools reserved for the children of the bureaucracy. At the same time children whose parents cannot afford the fees for Secondary education are conscripted on leaving school to four years' compulsory labour service (decree of October 2nd, 1940). They are given 'vocational training' lasting from six months to two years, and are obliged for a further four years to work wherever directed. The upshot of the whole development is that on the average the children of manual workers and peasants remain manual workers and peasants, whereas the children of the upper strata are automatically put on the road to jobs in the upper strata. . . . . .

Equalitarianism in wages was to cease once and for all, since it was 'alien and detrimental to socialist production'. Equalitarianism became a 'petty-bourgeois deviation', a crime against the State, a bogy-word like 'Counter-revolution' and 'Trotskism'. Stalin's speech was followed by the usual nation-wide propaganda campaign, a holy crusade against 'Uravnilovka', with the effect that the majority among the people became honestly convinced that inequality of pay was a fundamental principle of Socialism. . . . . .

The true significance of the Proletarian Millionaires can be appreciated only when set against the background of the living conditions of the Proletarian Paupers. The Soviet Union is the only great country in the world which publishes no standard-of-living index, no statistics about the distribution of income-groups and spending. Russian statistics make a deafening noise with their figures of industrial production; about the consumer they are silent. Individual reports about the dismal living conditions of the masses by people who lived among them and had both the chance to get abroad and the courage to speak up—e.g. Ciliga, Sedov, Yvon, Serge—are dismissed as Trotskyite slander. There

After the Banquet. The Dessert. (*Inscription on fruit: Poland, Austria and Trieste*) Front cover of KARIKATÜR (Turkey)

are, nevertheless, methods to establish the truth by careful analysis of official Soviet sources which are *ex hypothesi* beyond doubt. Thus, for example, *Planovoie Khoziaistvo* ('Planned Economy'), an official Soviet periodical, published in 1938 some figures about the food consumption of an average family of St. Petersburg textile workers under Tsarism[1]. Using these as a basis, Hubbard arrives at the following figures[2]:—

		1913	1929	1937
Cost of 1 week's food	Roubles	3.40	5.90	49.60
Index of food prices ..	Per cent	100	172	1449
Average Money Wages ..	Roubles	25	66	245
Index of Real Wages ..	Per cent	100	154	68

Thus the average standard of living had risen from the Revolution to 1929 by 54 per cent and had by 1937 dropped to a level 32 per cent lower than the pre-revolutionary standard.

ARTHUR KOESTLER, the Left Wing Socialist, in *The Yogi and the Commissar* (Jonathan Cape. 10s. 6d.)

[1] Peter Meyer: 'The Soviet Union: A New Class Society,' *Politics*, New York, March 1944.

[2] Hubbard, *Soviet Labour and Industry*, London, 1942, p. 164.

Balance Destroyed

We went to war, six years ago, to maintain the independence of Poland. It should now be clear that Poland will only survive as a puppet-state, under the control of the power that struck her from behind in September 1939 and joined with Germany in dividing her territory. It is plain that we cannot fulfil our pledge. We have strained ourselves as never before in any war, to redeem our honour, yet have failed in the end.

You may say, however, that our real aim was to prevent one great power dominating the Continent—a ruthless totalitarian power that enslaved the individual to the state. That domination was a serious possibility, if Germany had not been checked. But the result of absolute victory over Germany *is* that Russia, another totalitarian power, is established as predominant on the Continent. The larger half of Europe is now directly under her control, whilst the other half contains no state of comparable strength. As General Smuts has pointed out, Russia is 'the new Colossus that bestrides this Continent', holding 'a position which no country has ever occupied in the history of Europe.'

All our main wars have been fought to maintain the balance of Europe, and prevent any one power becoming supreme. By destroying Germany so completely, we have *automatically* defeated our long-term aim—the vital principle of our policy throughout the centuries since we beat off the Spanish Armada.

This war was won—in the only real sense of the word—when the Germans' aggressive power was crippled. That result was achieved over two years ago. Since then we have been fighting on, blindly, to smash the Germans defensive power —and, with it, their capacity to act as a buffer for the West. That result brought glory at a heavy price, but meant *losing* the peace.

Britain's leader was too excited by the battle to look ahead, and see the inevitable consequence of the smashing victory for which he thirsted. It makes no sense.

In the gallant but short-sighted pursuit of that unreal victory we have reduced ourselves to the point of bankruptcy. We have sold out most of the overseas investments which helped to pay for our imports, and maintain the living standard of our people. We made ourselves economically dependent on America. For the last few years we have been living on her charity. The position of a poor relation is always awkward, as we are finding.

We are left, like the jam in a sandwich, between two huge mechanised powers, whose economic systems and policies differ so clearly as to foreshadow the danger of a conflict. Our intermediate position is the more precarious because, while we have become *economically* dependent on America, we are *strategically* on the wrong side of the Atlantic. Beyond these consequences lies the fact that the war has fostered a general spread of dictatorial régimes—of the fundamentally anti-liberal spirit for which 'Fascism' and 'Nazism' are but two of the many names.

B. H. LIDDELL HART, the military critic, at a Liberal Meeting at Kendal.

'So Many Owed So Much to So Few'

History is set in motion by the few and not by the many. The motive power of history works from the top downwards, and not from the bottom upwards. This is a proposition which ought not to need demonstration or even statement and which yet requires to be stated and expounded. Indeed, it may well evoke protests and murmurs in our day and bring upon its defender the ever-ready accusation of being a rigid conservative or reactionary, as if reasonableness were not a continual 'reaction' against unreason, and balanced judgment a 'reaction' against the aberrations of common opinion. In this sense, all thinking men behave as reactionaries, whereas fundamentally they are revolutionaries, the genuine and eternal revolutionaries who alone can set the world in motion. At the present time, the myth of the 'masses' holds the field, for they, it seems, are regarded as the motive force of history and the criterion of progress. The 'masses' appear as a prodigious and mysterious force, the receptacle of hidden and irresistible wisdom and potency to which we must give ear and hearken so that we may obediently accept its answer as if from the Sibyl of old. How much nobler, and how much more human, was the word which in this connection was chosen by Giuseppe Mazzini: 'the People'; that people which in his opinion would by itself have been able to achieve the independence of Italy from foreign domination, the overthrow of her native despots, the establishment of national unity, the proclamation of the republic and the federation of the nations. All this was to be accomplished by a bold war carried like a flaming torch from the Alps to Sicily by 'the People', who were stronger far than the despised royal armies, brave and steadfast, and above all pure in spirit as the servants of kings could never be. Nevertheless anyone who went to the root of things or who sought out the real beneath the imaginary and observed the actual course of

history, was bound to discover in this 'People' nothing other than the great soul of Giuseppe Mazzini. For it was his idea, sublime in its constancy, which was realised by an *élite* of high moral and intellectual stature, by bands of volunteers, drawn only to a small extent from the artisan and agricultural classes, by the royal armies and a wise diplomacy. It was his idea which gave birth to an Italy independent and free republican in inspiration and in substance if not in the form of its institutions; an Italy which hailed Mazzini as its prophet, its educator and creator. BENEDETTO CROCE in *Horizon*

U.S. Critics of Bretton Woods

AMONG those who are critical of certain aspects of the Bretton Woods agreements are the American Bankers Association, Association of Reserve City Bankers, the Bankers Association for Foreign Trade, U. S. Chamber of Commerce, Committee for Economic Development, New York State Bankers Association, National Grange, *New York Times,* Prof. John Williams of Harvard University, Prof. E. W. Kemmerer of Princeton University, and other economists.

While the American Bankers Association approves the general principles adopted at Bretton Woods, it feels strongly that the Fund should be lodged in a department of the Bank for Reconstruction and Development.

In objecting to the Fund, the Association asserts that under the proposed system of quotas, a member country would be 'virtually entitled to borrow in certain specified annual amounts from the international pool of resources' and that, while the borrowing would be subject to certain limitations, there would be 'no stipulation that the loans should be good loans or—once a country had been admitted to full rights of membership in the Fund—that the loans should be based on prior consideration of the economic conditions and prospects of the borrowing country.'

Maintaining that the whole emphasis of the Fund 'is to give countries experiencing difficulties the benefit of every doubt', the Association declares:

'As opposed to the usual lending practice which places the responsibility for making out a case for credit upon the borrower, the Fund goes on the theory that the borrower is entitled to credit unless the lender can make out a case to the contrary. And under the Bretton Woods plan, the lender is an institution in which the United States would have only a minority vote as compared with actual and potential borrowers.'

Post-War Outlook

Looking Ahead

The Main Line Railways' post-war plans include the introduction of the latest scientific improvements in new locomotives and in re-conditioning existing engines. Passenger rolling stock will include new designs with bright colours, new fabrics, plastics and other materials. The finest railway service in the world will be offered to the British public as soon as materials and man-power permit.

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The best- and only **9/-**

★ Scarcity prices are seldom any indication of quality. It's so with Vermouth. Britain's best Vermouth —Votrix—costs you no more than 9/- the bottle. For that you get a Vermouth equal to the best formerly imported from the Continent. There is no need for us to charge or for you to pay a higher price.

Vermouth

Vine Products Ltd. cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier.

To those needing to furnish a home we suggest an inspection of our 18th and early 19th century antique pieces of which we have a wide and carefully chosen selection.

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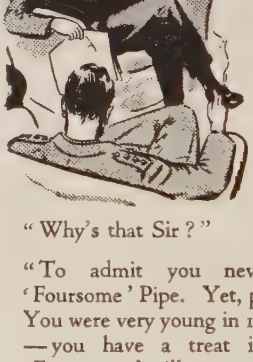

". . . more in sorrow than anger, my boy!"

"Why's that Sir?"

"To admit you never heard of a 'Foursome' Pipe. Yet, perhaps I'm unfair. You were very young in 1939. Never mind —you have a treat in store for you. 'Foursomes' will return after final victory, no doubt as good as ever."

FOURSOME *Bruyere*

THE FINEST PIPE MONEY CAN BUY

THE ROBERT SINCLAIR TOBACCO CO. LTD., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

British Will Predominate on River Plate

BEFORE the war Argentina shipped up to 16,000,000 tons of grain a year. During the war that total dropped to four or perhaps five million tons.

Argentina's main trade is with the United Kingdom and Europe, or, at least, this was the case before the war. There is no reason to suppose that it will be otherwise in the years to come.

Already Argentina produces similar commodities to the United States. North America will always require South American wool, hides and quebracho extract, for it does not produce sufficient for its own requirements, but will not be a regular client for Argentine grain or meat.

Britain and Europe will be constant buyers of Argentine produce and the demands of the rationed British Isles and the half-starved Continent of Europe will be enormous.

It is for these reasons that the River Plate has a vital part to play in the reconstruction of a war-torn world. Not since the days of long ago, when its muddy waters first began to flow from its upper reaches, has it played such an important rôle in the progress of mankind.

For five years of war Buenos Aires shipping men have been controlled. War in distant lands has had its repercussions in their estuary. Private enterprise and initiative have diminished.....

Already several British companies have fast new meat ships under construction for the River Plate trade.

Although these ships are costing far more than pre-war vessels, British shipowners are now beginning to have faith in the future. They are preparing for great activity in an area which before the war supplied so much of the world's meat and grain and will be asked to provide even more in the future. . . . . .

Docks and harbours must be brought up to date. Loading and discharging facilities must be modernised. A large proportion of Argentina's wealth is centred in the River Plate, and ships of the future which use the river will have speed as the keynote of their design. Their owners, too, will demand a speed-up in turn round. Dock authorities on the river know that a stationary ship in port is an extremely expensive item to its owner.

There are those who assert that the great difference after the war in the River Plate market will be that more United States ships will make their appearance and that there will be regular American services.

It cannot be denied that the war has produced more United States ships than British or any others. But these American ships are deep and have wide beams. They will be unable to use the upper reaches of the river and a large number of docks—unless berthing accommodation is altered to cater for bigger demands. But even if provision is made for this vast amount of American tonnage, the British flag will of necessity predominate.

Latin-American World

A Threat to London

THE Barlow Commission first drew widespread public attention to the necessity and the practicability of checking the sprawling uncontrolled expansion of London. The Government themselves invited Professor Patrick Abercrombie to prepare outline redevelopment plans for the county and region of London to illustrate the methods whereby the unique opportunity of reconstruction presented by the war might be turned to national advantage. 'The opportunity is here,' writes Professor Abercrombie in a letter today, 'but it is fleeting', and, as he points out, it is in grave danger of being thrown away completely. If the spirit of the Barlow report and the Abercrombie plans is to be infused into reconstruction policy, far more will be needed than a mere negative decision to forbid the construction of new industrial enterprises in the London region. As Professor Abercrombie argues, any attempt to define a permanent green belt for London or to curb the further spread of suburbs will be swept away 'like chaff in a fire' by the 'overmastering need for new homes' unless the Government are ready with an alternative list of areas in which development is to be encouraged. At every point the Abercrombie plans, and any conceivable variant of them, raise issues of policy which only the Government can settle.

If 1,250,000 people from the congested parts of London are to live and find work in new surroundings in the next ten years, and if this modest migration is to be an orderly process of community building, the Government cannot escape the responsibility of settling the main framework of regional redevelopment or of creating the still non-existent instruments, administrative and financial, without which there will be no plan for London, but only 'a welter of opportunist redevelopment'. The vital decisions have not been taken. While devoting all their attention to the erection of houses in the next two years, the Government continue to behave as though the Uthwatt Committee had never reported, and as though they had never heard of the Tennessee Valley Authority, and had forgotten the existence of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning.

The Times (London)

'Why, Gogarty, you're blushing!' NEW YORKER

Can English Women Wear Wasp Waists?

EVER since fashion news has been allowed to spurt, or trickle, from the Paris fount-heads, there have been cross-Channel reports of radical changes in hats, in shoulder-line, skirt widths, waists and hips. Fashion writers come back with tales of tiny waists and bouffant hips, and of pronounced curves which seem to belong much more to the past than to the present century.

The immediate reaction over here to such tales of curves is 'Will Englishwomen wear such clothes?' The second and more practical reaction is '*Can* Englishwomen wear such fashions?' Is it possible, after five or six years of Utility—though not utilitarian—corsets to join in the race for the 'hour-glass' figure? Two things are clearly required for the purpose—an adaptable figure, and the right foundation. If women can provide the one, can the British corset industry produce the other? . . . . .

Mrs. Lemoine, corset buyer of Marshall & Snelgrove, has definite views on this subject, backed by extensive experience of the trade. She thinks that women adapt themselves almost miraculously to changes in figure fashions, and that the Englishwoman's figure is particularly adaptable in this respect, which should help to counteract the bad, or at any rate inadequate, corseting to which we have had to submit during the war. As to the small-looking waist, Mrs. Lemoine thinks the tendency among her younger customers—and particularly those in the Services—to put on weight around the hips may actually help the hour-glass figure effect. In any event, she feels sure that women are going to look exactly as fashion bids them look. They always have done, and they always will. . . . . .

Miss Imber, corset buyer for Selfridge's, pointed out that the corset for the 'hour-glass' figure is not new but came in shortly before the war. It was a short corset, definitely waisted, the line rising above the waist to accentuate the bust line. A few of the good corset-makers produced such garments, mostly in hookside style, and they sold well in the top end of the trade, particularly for evening wear. War rather killed the fashion, or at any rate prevented it from developing, but what remained of the stock was eagerly snapped up early in the war, for riding and also for general use. Miss Imber thinks that although we shall probably not be able to obtain such corsets for some time, we shall eventually get them if fashion develops on such lines. Figures will soon adapt themselves to the 'hour-glass' or any other fashionable line. 'You have only to think back to the "up and down" flat figure of the 'twenties, which soon changed into the more curved figure of the 'thirties.'

Corsetry and Underwear Journal

The Argentines Read!

THE Argentine people are great readers and choose with care their reading material.

A foreign writer who visited Argentina observed that nearly 90 per cent of the passengers in the subway trains and street cars of Buenos Aires were engrossed in books or newspapers.

In few countries is so much space devoted to foreign news. Any temporary resident from overseas can keep in close contact with his own country through the papers.

The Argentine press pays out large sums to international news agencies for cable and radio services. *La Prensa,* the leading daily, has a contract believed to involve the highest amount paid by any paper to any agency in the world.

The excellence of the magazines, too, rivals the highest standards attained by graphic arts in the United States. These magazines are read not only in Argentina, but thousands are sent abroad, particularly to Latin-American countries.

Revolution, war and censorship appear to have made little difference with the spread of the printed word. The nearly 2,000 public libraries throughout the country report increasing numbers of visitors and consultants. The last annual figure was 4,500,000 attendants, out of a population of nearly 13,000,000. *Christian Science Monitor*

FATHER TIME IS RIGHT!

It's TIME to Plan . .

Midst all the bustle of important war work we've found time to plan the TEMCO Electric CLOCKS of the future. Look out for them, they'll be worth it.

YOUR

TEMCO

SYNCHRONOUS ELECTRIC CLOCKS

A product of TELEPHONE MFG. CO., LTD.
Marketed by T. M. C. HARWELL (SALES) LTD.,
233 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

HERE'S TO THE FUTURE!

HAPPY DAYS—
PEACE AND PROSPERITY
AND MORE

GILBEY'S GIN AND SPEY ROYAL WHISKY

Will you want

a trouble-free radio set ?

Ah ! who won't ? We certainly wouldn't promise you that. But there's this to say. Before the war we had a pretty good reputation for making reliable sets, and we've learned a lot more about reliability in the last five years. You have to when the lives of soldiers, sailors and airmen depend on it.

MURPHY
RADIO

C.R.C.176

No Real Progress

NOBODY, however, presents a hard and fast programme by which this desirable Utopia may descend in England's green and pleasant land.

Last week we suggested that producers themselves are the right people to prepare a five- or ten-year plan for achieving an improvement in the volume and quantity of milk that the nation is going to need. . . . . .

We would suggest that, parallel with this, the whole industry—including farmers, workers and landowners—should be working out a programme for the rehabilitation of the land and its equipment.

We have seen, during the war, how well even a limited scheme of ditch-digging, field drainage and water-supply pays as a national and industrial investment. None of us has any doubt that further development on the same lines would pay equally well—and that indeed it is essential if our agriculture is to continue and increase.

There is the same need in the case of farm buildings and cottages. Here, virtually nothing has been done during the war. Without material or labour, neither land-lord nor farmer-owner can be blamed for a decay which becomes the more serious as more demands are made upon the industry. But although we may prefer to grumble at whatever Government the casting of votes returns to Westminster, we shall, in fact, have to shoulder the blame ourselves if vital improvements go by default—when men, materials, and money become available—in favour of other needs for which there is a formulated programme. . . . . .

It is not enough, as so many of our policy makers seem to think, to talk easily about buying out the bad landowner. Very often the bad landowner is merely a man without the private means to maintain his estate. Yet maintenance should be as much a proper charge on a bushel of wheat or a gallon of milk as labour costs, or depreciation of machinery. There is no ground whatever for asking that the maintenance of estates should be conditional (for this is the implication of much muddled thinking) on private charity.

It is again for the industry to work out not a manifesto but a precise scheme. These charges, and with equal urgency the cost of cottage building or reconditioning, can be investigated, estimated—and allocated. Without such factual proposals, it is no more than the diffusion of hot air to go on declaring that we must have good cottages with proper amenities.

The Farmers' Weekly

Adele Jergens is Woman of the Future

DR. Abdul El Domingo, of the Istanbul Conservatory (Cultural Research Division) has laid down the measurements of the beauty of the future after careful analysis of beautiful women from the days of Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Nell Gwynne, right up to modern times. The ideal of modern feminine beauty, he says, should be five feet six and a half inches in height, weigh 128 pounds, her bust measurement should be 35 inches, her waist 25, and her hips 35, while her ankle should be $7\frac{7}{8}$ inches. He avers that the exotic beauties of the harem most closely approximate to this ideal in all except height. Columbia beauty experts, working on the Technicolor romance, 'A Thousand and One Nights', have conducted a test to find which of the many beautiful women cast for the film most nearly approaches Dr. El Domingo's standard. They discovered that Adele Jergens is the one woman who completely fulfills all the requirements. Every one of her measurements is exact. She can claim a distinction no other star possesses —she is the ideal beauty of both today and tomorrow. *Columbia Pictures News Bulletin*

Mr. Herbert Morrison

WE regret a serious error was made in our advertisement of the Workers' Open Forum. The subject should have been: 'Is Marxism Detrimental to Working Class interests?' not 'Is Morrison Detrimental to Working Class interests?' *Forward*

Le Dernier Mot

Love is the Soviet Republic of the human soul.

PAUL POTTS in *Gen*

Welsh Nationalist Party

Sir,—Reading the article in your April issue of WORLD REVIEW *entitled 'Has Wales a Future?' by William Glynne-Jones, I should like, as a member of the Welsh Nationalist Party, to correct the statement that Welsh Nationalism 'includes complete Welsh independence, comprising a separate Parliament, Judiciary and King or President. Had it the power it would drag society back to the Middle Ages.'*

The first aim of the Party is 'To win self-government for Wales (Dominion Status within *the British Commonwealth of Nations).'*

This means that the Party is still prepared to accept the same sovereign as England, but will fight for a Welsh Parliament.

Might I also point out that the idea of the Party, as all other political parties, is to urge on, rather than drag back, society. *R. R. Davies, Aberpennar*

1500 *B.C.*—*A.D.* 1945

One of the oldest medical treatises in existence, the papyrus Ebers, written about 1500 B.C., contains a 'Book of the Banishing of Pain'. From this papyrus we learn that the ancient Egyptians were familiar with many of the drugs we use to-day, that they were skilled in the preparation of pills and ointments and injections, and that they wrote minutely detailed prescriptions for the treatment of many of the ills which still afflict mankind. One of their prescriptions contains 35 different ingredients.

We have no evidence as to its efficacy, but those ancient priest-doctors were at least working in the right direction, for one of the most recent discoveries of medical science is the fact that an infinitesimal quantity of a powerful drug will do the work of a large dose if it is backed up by the right combination of other drugs in the right proportions.

Take 'Cogene' for example. 'Cogene' is a scientific combination of four separate drugs, in tablet form, each of proved worth in the relief of pain. Because each of these drugs is present in only a minute quantity 'Cogene' is non-habit forming and produces no harmful after-effects; yet will relieve the most harassing nerve pain far more rapidly than a single drug could do. That is why doctors prescribe 'Cogene'. It is sold by all chemists at 1/1½d. a tube.

Never forget, though, that while 'Cogene' will relieve the pain, it cannot remove the cause of the pain: only a doctor or a dentist can do that.

'COGENE'

(*Regd. Trade Mark*) *Brand Tablets*

A 'GENATOSAN' PRODUCT

FINE, THANKS!

I eat something crisp and crunchy every day.

When I can get it, I prefer

RYVITA

CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD

Andrews for INNER CLEANLINESS helps to keep you fit

See how Andrews cleanses the entire system:

FIRST . . . Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

NEXT . . . Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN . . . Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY for Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels, and relieves constipation.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS

THE IDEAL FORM OF LAXATIVE

Family size tin 2/-

Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

(56-14)

It cleans efficiently ALL types of

DENTURES

The use of denture powder and brush for cleaning artificial teeth has proved completely satisfactory in practice, and should become a regular habit, especially after meals, in the interests of hygiene.

KOLYNOS DENTURE *POWDER* is as *harmless* to the new 'plastic' bases as it is to metal and vulcanite, yet it effectively removes all food debris and stains. From all chemists—1/3.

KOLYNOS ***DENTURE POWDER***

Also, where gum-shrinkage has affected the normal suction grip, KOLYNOS DENTURE *FIXATIVE makes false teeth fit firmly.*—1/3 & 3/3

It's my Duty

to keep clear of COLDS

You owe it to yourself and those about you to keep clear of cold-infection by means of POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES. Marvellous in cases of Catarrh, Head Colds, Hay Fever, etc.

All Chemists and Stores 1/1½ per tin.

Supplies are limited, but they are worth trying for.

POTTER & CLARKE LTD. Artillery Lane, E.1

See that your post-war home *has clock plug points above all mantel shelves* *and wherever else "Sectric" clocks* *are likely to be needed . . .*

SMITH SECTRIC CLOCKS

plug in to Greenwich time via

ANY LIGHT OR POWER POINT ON A.C. MAINS

Scientific S.C.1B

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